

MYRA'S JOURNAL

THE LADIES' MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. XVII., No. 9.

SEPTEMBER, 1891.

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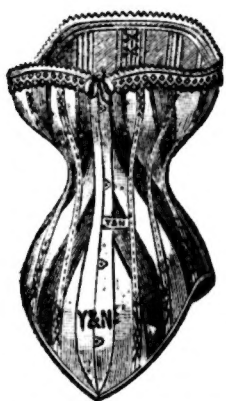
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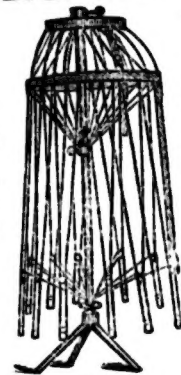
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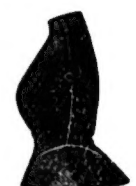
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MYRAS JOURNAL

THE LADY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

5 SUPPLEMENTS.

52 PAGES OF LETTERPRESS.

OVER 45 DRESS AND NEEDLEWORK DESIGNS.

MADAME MELBA AT HOME.

"O, I have made Paris my headquarters, but an Australian always speaks of England as home. I am only staying here during the opera season with some friends."

So said Madame Melba. I was sorry to hear it; it spoilt a pleasant illusion. I had been contemplating the rich satins and velvets of the furniture, the pictures and photos, the iron grand and the music cabinet with all the interest that possession by the Australian prima donna would have given to them. I had been mentally congratulating her upon her choice of *un ménage*, for the "flats" called Ashley Gardens are bright and sunny, pleasantly contrasting with dingy Victoria Street, to which in the London Directory they render tribute. Bearing date "1890," the red bricks have lost little of their brightness, and smoke has not yet marked the stonework for its own, circumstances which greatly commend themselves to the citizeness of "marvellous Melbourne."

"Let me see, Paris will have endeared itself to you as the scene of first success."

"It was in Brussels, you'll remember, that I made my *début*—at the Theatre de la Monnaie as Gilda in 'Rigoletto.' That was in October, 1887—only three and a half years ago. But I studied for a year in Paris after coming to Europe under Madame Marchesi, who was very kind to me, and who was really my professional godmother."

"How was that?"

"Knowing how fond of Melbourne I was she suggested



that I should take the name of Melba. And it was her opinion of my voice which finally gained my father's consent to my going on the stage. My father is very rich and rather proud, I think. Madame Marchesi told him, however, that it would be a great sin if my operatic gift was wasted. And so he relented, but it was after a great struggle."

"And has the life of a prima donna quite realised your expectations?"

"Quite, I can assure you. It seems to have been the only possible one for me. As a compromise my family suggested the concert platform, but that would never have satisfied me. As a matter of fact, however, I did sing at one or two concerts in London, in 1886, under my married name of Armstrong."

"As well as at concerts in Australia, I suppose?"

"Only as an amateur—for all sorts of charitable purposes. That was not till I was sixteen years old; before that I was always playing the piano. I also played the harp and the violin, being quite a Jack-of-all trades, and never supposing that I had a voice. I used to play the organ in a Melbourne church, and afterwards sang in the choir."

"All this time had you no overpowering ambition for opera?"

"I had always great love of acting, but few opportunities of hearing the operas. There is a very fair opera company in Australia, but my people did not often let me go. The consequence was that when I came



home I had heard very few of the great operas. I had never seen 'Rigoletto,' in which I made my *début*, nor 'Lucia di Lammermoor,' which was chosen for my first appearance at Covent Garden."

"Yes, I remember your great success in the part well; it's two years ago, I suppose?"

"It was in '88. This is my fourth season in London. Now, of course, I make a point of seeing every opera three or four times, until I am quite familiar with it. In the autumn I am going to sing in Milan, at La Scala. I have never been in Italy yet. Last winter I spent in Russia with the de Reszkes. All sorts of nice things were said about me by the Russian papers; but, unfortunately, I can't read Russian, can you?"

"Alas, no! But did you not pick up enough Russian during your stay?"

"I was so busy in other ways, you see. I do not think I am a bad linguist. French and Italian, which, with the de Reszkes as my stage companions, I like singing best, did not cost me much trouble. In Russia the people are so hospitable to foreign visitors, especially the diplomatists and politicians. But, coming from the sunny south, I could not face the cold. Only once did I go sleighing, and then I caught cold. After that I stayed indoors, and suffered from the heat of the rooms."

"They overloaded you with jewels, did they not? By the way, I should very much like to see some of your famous trinkets, Madame Melba."

"Only a few of them are here; I keep most of them at the bankers' in Paris." Madame Melba rang for her maid, who returned in a few moments with a large casquet. The prima donna then gave my dazzled eyes a vision of Golconda—a score or so of bracelets, brooches, ear-rings, etc., sparkling with diamonds, rubies, and turquoises, and these were only a portion of the spoils!

"Nearly all my Russian presents were bracelets. That was annoying. Here is one given to me by the Czar after our concert at the palace. This brooch was the gift of the Queen, that of the Princess of Wales. I like the Princess of Wales's better, don't you?"

Madame Melba spoke in a callous voice such as I have never heard from women when speaking of her jewels. I suppose even the feminine love of precious stones can be satiated. The diva displayed most pleasure in two wrist watches, finely inlaid with diamonds. They are both very tiny but one is a little less tiny, and is con-

sequently spoken of as "her large watch." These beautiful trinkets illustrate the brightest side of an artist's life.

"What have you to say, Madame Melba, about its fatigue and hard work?"

"Oh, I don't mind it much. You see, I make it my pleasure. At the end of the London season, though, I am very tired." Even as she spoke I glanced in admiration at the splendid physique, the magnificent health of the diva, that seemed capable of any amount of exertion. In a beautiful costume of lace and sateen Madame Melba seemed to personify the bright and healthful life of the Colonies.

"When I am in London I have so many evening party engagements—two or three a week, besides the opera."

"Why don't you make London your home, Madame Melba? With the patriotism shown by your choice of name, surely you ought to be in the centre of the empire?" I exclaim, half seriously.

"Paris is the centre of my empire—of the art world. What can the operatic artist do in London during eight months of the year? It is only for about four months that you have opera. In Paris I can have engagements, if I please, all the year through. There are the engagements at soirées, for instance, when I never sing for less than 3,000 francs."

So it has been from the beginning of Madame Melba's career. Her first engagement in Brussels was for £240 per month, her second, in Paris, for £400 per month, and as soon as it was made she was offered £2,000 in Madrid and Berlin. "And what are your impressions of Covent Garden as compared with opera abroad?"

"In stage mounting, scenery, &c., I don't think it suffers by comparison. Mr. Harris is, of course, an expert in these matters. But there is sometimes too much hurry. With a new opera there are not sufficient rehearsals, five or six, probably, when abroad they would have a dozen."

When Mrs. Armstrong left her native city the Melbournians were confident that European fog and cold would soon drive her home again. I asked her whether their cheerful prophecy was likely to be soon realised.

"I am continually receiving offers from the Australian managers. But it is impossible to leave Europe yet awhile. Of course I shall have to go back some day."

The reply convinced me, as the prima donna, I should say, scarcely ever shows feeling, that amid all the triumphs of Paris and London, she retains a large place in her heart for the land of her birth, the home of her kith and kin.

✿ The ✿ Drama. ✿

THE summer season is now practically dead. New plays and new managements, and rumours of new plays and new managements, are springing up on either hand, but they belong to the future—to the autumn and winter seasons. Mr. B. A. Jones is freely credited with having taken the Shaftesbury for the production of his own plays. He is one of those who have held the strange opinion that an actor who has a theatre should not act in it; but evidently will not go so far as to say that an author who has a theatre should not write for it!

Mr. George Alexander signalled his "last night for the present" by the presentation of a new one-act piece of Mr. Walter Frith, called "Molière." It is useless in so small a compass to attempt to give the impression of a many-sided character, or to develop a story. A man in one mood, one incident of a life, may be dramatically exhibited—that is all. At least, when more is attempted, the result is seldom satisfactory.

It is not wise for a man with a reputation to play an important part "for one night only" at the fag end of the season. Perhaps Mr. Alexander was tired, perhaps anxious, perhaps he had not devoted enough time to the study of it; but whatever the cause, "Molière," as played at present, cannot rank as one of his best creations. He did not seem "in it." The story, also, is by no means firmly handled by the author. What ought to be good situations fail to convince, and what should be effective dialogue sounds unreal.

We find Molière, who has been taken ill at the theatre, returning to his sumptuous apartment to discover his faithless wife, Armande, about to sup with the Marquis, whom he suspects to be her lover. Feeling his end drawing nigh, he determines to let the pair know that he is aware of his dishonour, and therefore requests Armande to act with him a scene of his new play, in which also the Marquis is induced to take a well-nigh silent part. Rather unnatural, all this. As the scene proceeds we see it is levelled at the supposed passion of his wife for her lover, and Molière contrives to make the Marquis cut a rather contemptible figure—cutting, it must be confessed, a

scarcely more dignified one himself, especially when he takes advantage of his part to strike his guest. After this exertion—extraordinary on the part of a moribund man—the Marquis, quite in the dark, retires to the supper room, while Armande, at Molière's request, plays the harpsichord to him, after a reconciliation. So his last moment arrives, he kisses his wife, and then starting up—thinking himself in the theatre—he cries, "The King! His Majesty must not be kept waiting!" and dies. This should really be a fine close, but somehow it was not worked up to, and seemed merely theatrical. A great actor ought, undoubtedly, to have made something of this. We preferred Mr. Alexander as Molière to Molière playing a part, and his make-up was extremely good, after the Louvre portrait. Unluckily, the young manager, in his more excited moments, recalled some of Mr. Irving's worst "mannerisms." The influence of our tragedian, always marked in Mr. Alexander's playing, has hitherto been one wholly for good. Mr. Waring acted Dr. Dacquin with proper professional gravity. Mr. Webster was not sufficiently airy and insincere as the Marquis, and Miss Marion Terry infused a good deal of charm into the unsatisfactory part of the wife.

We scarcely think that Mr. Blood's new melodrama offers fare likely to fill the Princess's for any length of time, though it was for the most part hugely appreciated by the gods on its *première*; especially did they delight in the humours of Mr. George Barrett as a comic policeman, and Miss Cicely Richards as the sweetheart of another. The plot is too conventional to require description; the characters incidents, and even the dialogue are all sadly familiar. The villain is the junior partner (Mr. Abingdon), who kills the merchant's son, Ralph Glendon (Mr. Basset Roe), whose step-brother, Walter Halmshaw (Mr. Sutherland), rescues his beloved Grace (Miss Whitty) from the villain, after the usual false accusation. Finally, the junior partner—called Kopain—walks off, like Eugene Aram, "with gyves upon his wrists." In the country, for which, we believe, the drama was primarily intended, the piece may do well. Miss Gracie Muriel played the part of a match-girl very prettily, and all the artists above-named worked loyally.

Dress and Fashion in Paris.

TRAVELLING costumes are the order of the day, and they have never been more thoroughly sensible and practical than they are this year. The prevailing fashions of plain skirts and jacket bodices are exactly suited for the cloths, tweeds, and other woollens of which travelling dresses are made, and a little relief is easily given to the costume by making the waistcoat and other ornamental parts of the bodice of white cloth, or of some material that is in a brighter colour and of finer texture than the dress material.

Some of the costumes that have white waistcoats also have a band of white cloth at the edge of the skirt; but this mode, although it undoubtedly adds to the stylish look of the dress, very much detracts from its utility. A single shower is enough to take all the bloom off the white cloth, and a soiled white band at the edge of a dress is too terrible to be contemplated. Therefore, as a rule, the white cloth, crêpon, or silk is reserved for the bodice, and the skirt and jacket are made of sober-coloured tweeds, the newest of these being plaids in soft neutral tones that melt into each other, divided into large squares by ribbed lines in a contrasting colour. There are several kinds of ribbed woollens that are much in favour, especially those that have diagonal ribs meeting in mitred points, besides a number of rough, hairy, coarse-looking fabrics, the taste for which has been imported from England, for these materials, although made in France, are decidedly inspired by a study of Yorkshire, Scotch, and Irish tweeds.

With the open jackets are worn the white waistcoats already mentioned, or full shirt fronts of spotted cambric or silk, prettily frilled in front and drawn in at the waist by a fawn-coloured leather belt; or again a white shirt front, finely tucked and pleated and accompanied by a long knotted necktie, may be worn.

A long wrap of some useful shape and material always accompanies the travelling costume; this is generally a circular cloak with a hood, a cape, a deep pèlerine, or long hanging sleeves. There is more novelty in the materials employed than in the shape of these cloaks. A great many are still made of silken fabrics, and these are usually gauged at the neck or gathered on to a yoke; Watteau pleats are also fashionable for long mantles, but chiefly for those made of woollen materials, which are always lined with silk. For thin materials the shapes that fit closely at the back answer best, the effect of the wind getting under the loose cloak and ballooning it out in great swellings is not one to be admired.

Some very pretty new capes are made of striped woollens; they are plain circular cloaks gauged round the neck, but with a bournous

hood in the centre of the back. The collar is a deep stand-up pleating, sloping off towards the front.

Although seaside fashions are as a rule simpler than usual this year, a few fanciful modes have crept in; amongst outdoor vêtements, for instance, is a jacket bodice of celadon green faille, cut in a low straight line across the chest and back, and gathered up a little under a rosette on the chest, over a plain square yoke of pale fawn cloth studded with round green jewels in graduated sizes, each one surrounded by a ring of small beads. The jacket is gathered in a little at the waist and has a deep basque; the bell sleeves are of the cloth, caught up in puffs at the shoulder, and ornamented with jewels, like the yoke, at the edges. Another vêtement consists of a full jacket bodice of black guipure silk over silk, mounted on a yoke and Medici collar of shawl-patterned woollen, and with pèlerine sleeves of similar material open from the shoulder in front. Very pretty capes are made in various ways of these silk and wool shawl-patterned fabrics, lined with silk or surah to correspond.

White costumes made of English woollens are amongst the most stylish dresses to be seen at French watering-places; they are very much trimmed with Russian hand-made laces, or else with galon, lace, gold braid, or some new lace like galons that are very effective. White and yellow is a favourite combination, and there is a new striped material in these two colours that is very much admired. The white ground is striped with rows of yellow braid woven into the material, but adhering to it by one edge only. The material is cut and made up on the cross; there is no doubt that in a few weeks' time this material will appear in darker colours and in all kinds of combinations, and that it will prove to be one of the chief novelties amongst autumn and winter fabrics.

Bands of all descriptions are worn with round-waisted bodies, and corselets, waistcoats, cuffs, and collars are all made of the same soft and pretty tan-coloured leather or kid that

is employed for bands; kid waistcoats are very fashionable.

White chevreau is even used for caps, many young French ladies wearing the white flat-topped caps that are so frequently seen on masculine heads at French sea-side places.

Dinner dresses intended for country-house visits are made in very pretty styles, but are often high-necked, or only slightly open in front, and are, on the whole, far less dressy than the gowns worn in England on similar occasions. A very tasteful dress is made of pink and white striped silk; the skirt is gored, even up the centre of the front, and bordered with a narrow flounce cut the selvedge way



THE MINA HAT.

Hat of fancy black straw, a fringe of hen-and-chicken daisies falling all round the crown; a bow of green ribbon in the centre of the crown, and bunch of white daisies at the back.

of the silk. The pointed bodice, cut on the straight, opens over a full plastron of white spotted net, and is framed by coquillés of lace, forming a deep collar at the back. A deep gathered basque of lace is added to the corsage, and the puffed elbow sleeves end in deep unlined cuffs of lace.

Another very stylish dress is of grey silk, with a broché pattern in pink satin. The skirt is edged with a pleated flounce of pink surah caught up in scallops by grey bows. The left side of the skirt is draped just below the hip by a grey ribbon bow; on the right side, rather far back, is a deep lace basque falling on each side in a coquillé. The bodice opens with bretelles of ribbon and lace, and a wired lace collar over crossed fronts of pink chiffon, and the chiffon sleeves are arranged in a series of puffs drawn in by bands of ribbon.

A dress in the fashionable combination of white and yellow has the front of the skirt of white net embroidered in stripes, the stripes forming mitred points down the front, over maize-coloured silk. The half trained back, the corsage and sleeves are of maize-coloured bengaline; the bodice opens over a draped plastron of net, and is draped a little on the left side, but ornamented on the right with a full coquillé drapery beginning at the back of the neck. A pointed band of brown velvet forms a Swiss belt at the back, with long sharp points above and below the waist.

A lovely gown, more dressy than the last, has the front of the skirt of pink bengaline with embroidered stars in gold and pearls, and the train of striped pink brocade mounted in a Watteau pleat under the point of the corsage. The low bodice, cut in a V point front and back, is of embroidered bengaline in front; the fronts are gathered up on the chest above the top of a Swiss belt of green velvet, embroidered with gold and pearls. The back of the bodice is of brocade and ends in a sharp point. From the band in front falls a magnificent fringe basque of gold and many-coloured beads, the centre part reaching almost to the edge of the dress, while the sides are only about six or eight inches deep. Round the shoulders is a Valois collar of green velvet standing up well above the shoulders. The sleeves are short puffs of plain pink bengaline.

Dresses for young ladies are very often made with round short-waisted bodices mounted on a chemisette or yoke of embroidery or of lace. Ribbon is folded once or twice round the waist and tied in a Japanese bow at the back, standing up well at the top and finished off with short ends. This is newer and less commonplace than the rosette or the falling loops and ends that are always more or less in the way.

The rage for lace shows no sign of dying out; it is, of course, less used for outdoor costumes, but the dresses intended for indoor or evening wear are trimmed with lace in every imaginable way. Bands and corselets, jabots, coquillés, Trianon and Charlotte Corday

fichus, chemisettes of all nationalities, deep collars, collarettes, and flounces are all fashionable, and afford opportunities for making good use of all descriptions of laces. Unlined lace yokes and cuffs are charming for evening wear, and the fashion is an acceptable one at this season, for many a pretty summer dress with a lined yoke and cuffs, or sleeves, may be converted into a demi-toilette for evening wear by removing the lining.

Deep collars or pèlerines of white lace give the best finish possible to the silk and velvet evening dresses worn by elderly ladies—those, that is to say, who are wise enough to renounce the fashions that are suitable only to the young, and who have sufficient taste and experience to know that they only look the younger and more charming by adopting modes that are, if anything, a little ahead of their years. A well-arranged fichu or rich lace pèlerine imparts far more dignity than does an open dress with the too wrinkled throat enveloped in the necessary folds of crêpe, tulle, or lace, that, after all, generally end by disclosing what they are intended to conceal.

The kind of lace most used at present is the Jesurum, which, although only an imitation of an antique point, is yet a genuine lace; the Maison Jesurum supplies, by means of modern processes, copies of old Venetian points at reasonable prices that bring them within reach of all, while old laces, unless family heirlooms, are almost impossible of attainment.

A description of two charming tea-gowns must be added, as they offer one or two novel suggestions. The first is of white crêpe-de chine, opening over a full front of real China pink crêpe made with a puffed chemisette. The trimming of white fringe forms part of the material and is carried down the fronts, framing the pink centre, and round the edge. This same model is also made in printed crêpe de chine, with a pattern in blue, gold, or pink, of the most authentic description.

The other is of pink silk muslin, with a lace fichu knotted in front, and vandyke points of lace insertion let into the skirt, bodice, and sleeves.

Bonnets are still very small, and flat shapes are generally preferred. These are often mere circles of cloth or velvet, embroidered and edged with jet and trimmed with black feathers. Considerable use is made of coque feathers for bordering the brims of chapeaux, and pompon plumes of similar feathers form the chief ornament.

Flower capotes are still worn, but are of flowers suitable to the season; one, for instance, is composed of three Greek bands of pink heather, joined together at the back under a bow of

black velvet, and with an aigrette of jet and black osprey rising above the bow.

Black chapeaux are as fashionable as ever, and are trimmed with bows of shaded or shot velvet, and with satin and velvet ribbon in copper colour, water blues and greens, and other shades that contrast well with black.

COMTESSE DE B.



TOILETTE FOR WATERING-PLACES.

Green silk foundation skirt veiled with tan embroidered net, the left side ornamented with a flounce draped with rosettes. Princess back and sides of green bengaline; the front of bodice full and short waisted, but with a long pleat down the centre, and plainer drapery on the left side. Embroidery on the pleat and down the back of the sleeves. Medici collar of wired lace, and lace jabot. Black chip hat trimmed with roses. Quantity of material required, bengaline 12 yards.

For Prices of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of DESCRIPTIONS.

A Window Seat.

BY MRS. TALBOT COKE.

FROM the earliest days of the wandering life which is the lot of those with soldier husbands I have always contrived, if possible, a seat in a bow window; in fact, there exists to this day a long low box, which, whilst carrying many a drapery, many Lares and Penates of various kinds when on the move, served the purpose (covered with a mattress cushion with frill to the ground) of a window seat, when a contumacious landlord, or the shortness of our stay, made it impossible to have the more desirable "shelf" seat put up.

It is surprising what a difference is made in the delightful task of "settling into a room," by the existence of a bow window. I consider the tall narrow windows, often reaching nearly to the ground, quite the greatest difficulty in a room. Other ugliness may be invested with a quaint picturesqueness, or concealed by a deftly-placed screen or drapery, but windows some 12ft. 6in. high are too serious to take liberties with. No fanciful draperies, no cleverly-devised substitutes for blinds will avail; better at once say "Kismet," bow to the decorator's cheery dictum that "the curtains will run into money," and, if possible, look pleasant. If indeed there should be *three* of these gaunt windows, I would decorate one near a corner in an entirely different way, and, so to speak, work it into a new style of cosy corner, but an illustration would be wanted to usefully explain this, and, my subject being a bow window, I must leave it for a future opportunity.

It is delightful to realise that all architects and builders, even of modest villas, not only now consider bow windows *de rigueur*, but are making them in a square form, and not with the aggravating sloping sides, which not only reduce the space for a seat, but make difficulties as to the shelf and the cushions. The former shape, too, lends itself so much better to the low, broad, divan-like seat, strewn with cushions, which I far prefer to the regulation "upholstered" seat, which is always too high, *far* too narrow, and the seat stuffed and buttoned till the whole thing is more suggestive of a *lift* than a lounge!

A great improvement on an ordinary shelf seat would be one of the long, narrow wire chain mattresses, such as one sleeps so comfortably on in the newer of the P. and O. floating palaces. The mattress would, of course, be fixed on strong supports of the desired height; to my mind 1 foot high, 30 inches wide, with a mattress cushion 4 inches thick, are the proper measures for such a seat.

By collecting several cushions at one end, this kind of seat can be used as a sofa, which is not only—when expense is an object—a saving of money, but of *space* in a small room. Quite the prettiest way to treat a bow window (and one I will some day plot an illustration for) is to cut it off entirely by Moorish arches from the rest of the room. This plan demands plenty of space, at least two other windows, and a certain amount of outlay.

I have, therefore, deemed it best to show how to make an ordinary large window a source of beauty and means of comfort.

The same kind of fatality which prevented poor Mr. Dick keeping the head of Charles the First out of his MSS. possesses me with regard to colour, for I find I can never resist the temptation to describe the colouring I have imagined for the illustration.

The wall, then, is covered with a paper bold as to pattern, tawny gold as to colour, with a rich yellow ceiling paper. The floor is covered with one of my favourite pile carpets in soft, varied colouring. The blind is a dainty soft blue material with a semi-transparent pattern in it, the muslin curtains are white or yellow with a falling frill, the thick curtains being of a tender blue plushette (not the "dirty blue"

hitherto produced) contrast pleasantly with these, and with the boldly-figured Indian red and gold brocade cushion, with gold frill, which rests on another of dull blue. The seat is covered with a quaint gold-coloured Jelim, the coarse embroidery and "tufts" of which give pleasing suggestions of pale blue, and of the red, which to my mind a blue and yellow room demands touches of, if it is to escape insipidity, I



would in one or two of the pots, and in a strip of Indian red plush on which they stand, give further rich warm notes of colour.

No doubt to put a bow window in the front of the house, where stone mullions would be almost necessary, would need a considerable outlay, but have a meagre *side* window, or one looking on to the garden, altered, and, if you have to do with an honest builder, it need cost no more than £14 or £15 a sum which the delights of it would repay in a few months.

There may, however, be many cases in which, say for a temporary tenancy, it might not be worth while to put in a bow window, and it then only remains to be seen how to lift an ordinary window somewhat out of the commonplace.

Supposing the wooden panelling to be less than 30 inches high below the window, one can indeed do but little, but if it be this height or higher, it is a great improvement to have bookshelves, the top one a foot wide, placed in each window, with just a little wooden gallery round the back and ends. The curtains need only then reach the top shelf, which in itself somewhat breaks the monotonous sameness of an ordinary window.

En Voyage. (Continued.)

A TIN of Capsicum or mustard leaves should always be taken, as they are invaluable in sudden attacks of chill, etc. Any special medicine you are likely to require is best carried in a stoppered bottle fitting into a wooden case, which protects it from all fear of breaking, and a graduated medicine glass in its leather case is always useful. Sticking plaster is another convenient thing to have with you, a small jar of Liebig, and a spirit lamp. The Etna spirit lamp I have not found convenient for travelling, and none I think equals in portability the lamp I have had in use for some years. It is shaped like a tin jam pot with a cover, the handles folding closely to the sides. Lifting the cover off there is a round tin containing a reserve fund of spirit, that fits in, when it is all packed together, to the lamp, which in itself contains spirit enough to last many times, the pot itself forming the saucepan in which water may quickly be heated. The small china tea infusers, which can be bought for eighteenpence, are most convenient, as a cup of tea can easily be made without a teapot. To take some good tea with you is often a luxury, and with spirit lamp and infuser, and condensed milk, you can be independent.

If a little handbag is carried, or your Gladstone is get-at-able, it is often agreeable on a long, hot journey to be able to refresh yourself and remove some of the dust you are conscious of having accumulated. If, before starting you dip your sponge in water and do not wring it quite out, you can place it in an oilskin bag and so place it in your luggage that it will not be squeezed. With this you can, at least, refresh yourself a little, and with a soap leaf can make face and hands feel rather, if not quite, clean. Soap leaves are easily obtainable in small books, and one leaf will enable you to wash your hands comfortably. Many people who do not much care to use the soap provided in a steamboat or railway lavatory will be glad of this portable and convenient arrangement.

It is a great mistake, and one committed by many people, not to take sufficient food in travelling. They become careless about it, and the result is that a far greater amount is taken out of them physically than is necessary. Unless you know that stoppages on your journey will allow of having some refreshment it is better to take something with you. Luncheon baskets are convenient, particularly if a large party are travelling together. If these are not taken, at least, you should provide yourself with something slight in the way of refreshment; sandwiches in a tin or silver box, chocolate, if you like it, and biscuits, as well as whatever you prefer to drink in a flask.

In going for a tour anywhere the choice, if such be possible of a companion, is a very great matter. Ill-assorted people travel together

and then are surprised that the long looked-forward-to trip fails to give them any satisfaction. A lady who detests walking goes with a friend who is capable of and likes long walks, and the one is a drag upon the other. It has been said that people never are thoroughly acquainted with each other until they have travelled together, and certainly various traits of character seem to come to the surface under these circumstances which never were before suspected of existing. Good temper when *en voyage* is a very great requisition for enjoyment and comfort, both to yourself and those around you. You may have planned your route with the greatest wisdom; you may have your luggage packed in the most perfect manner, and be rich in every appliance for ease and comfort in travelling; you may be able to spend money *ad libitum*, and have a thorough knowledge of the language of the country in which you are journeying, but, all the same, it will be a very wonderful journey if no *contretemps* whatever arises. You cannot always get the rooms you desire at an hotel, the places on board a steamboat, the conveyance upon which you had set your heart; and even if you could, and no hitch occurred in all or any of these matters, there are others over which you have no control whatever. Money may do a good deal and a pleasant manner as well in securing you many of the aforementioned *desiderata*; but over the weather, for example, these things are powerless. You may be shut up for some time in a dull hotel, or prevented from going on that special expedition you had planned by the inclemency of the weather, and unless you can bear these and other trials with equanimity, you will fare badly. Those who can turn mischance into fun, and find amusement in the inevitable hitches that occur in the best arranged journey that ever was planned, are the best off.

To be shut up through the rain when you want to go out, and the hotel can provide you with but scant supply of uninteresting literature, is very trying. As an alleviation to this probable trial, it is always well to go provided with some books and any needlework that you may like to do, and so be independent.

In conclusion, English people are often accused, and with justice, of their very stand-off manners to foreigners. To meet a polite remark made by your neighbour at *table d'hôte* or in a train by a cold silence or a monosyllable is anything but courteous. A very great deal, too, is lost by this, for those who know how to enjoy the passing companionship of a fellow traveller get a great deal that breaks the monotony of a long journey, and enables it them to learn a great deal even from those they meet casually when *en voyage*.

Answers on Furnishing.

By MRS. TALBOT COKE.

MRS. K.—I am delighted to help you with your bedroom. Knowles's pink and cream Cadogan paper would be pretty and cheerful; have pink paint with gold fish-scale leather paper panels (Knowles), 2s. 6d. a yard and 36 inches wide. For your carpet have Shoolbred's (Tottenham Court Road) terra-cotta and gold marguerite Brussels, 3s. 11d., and terra-cotta serge curtains from Holroyd Barker (488, Oxford Street, W.), price 21s. a pair. The three-foot beds will be quite large enough; get them and the bedding from Wallace, 154, Curtain Road, E. For the valances of the beds, nothing will look prettier than Graham and Biddle's (Graham House, Oxford Street, W.) "dahlia" cretonne, celadon-coloured ground, 1s. 11d. By the way, a great finish for the little beds would be Burnett's (42, King Street, Covent Garden) new pine-bordered bed-spreads, 8s. 6d. each. Send for patterns and choose the colours you like best, as I have not them by me. You can get the phoolkaris from Shoolbred's for 13s. 6d.; a coppery-coloured one will be best for your room. They are very foreign-looking, but I delight in them; ask for a long one, as it will be easier to arrange. The awkward corner between the table and fireplace could hold a low book-case with pottery on the top, and deep-curtained shelf below for boots and shoes. Having been in Cairo myself, and devoted to Mushrabayah, I shall quite look forward to doing your drawing-room. Any gasfitter would provide you with a protector, to prevent the gas blackening the wall-paper.

ELVOLL.—I don't think for a cheap yet hard-wearing material I can recommend you anything better than Holroyd Barker's (488, Oxford Street, W.) "Indian" tapestry, 50 inches wide and 2s. 6d. the yard; it is dull red, green, and cream in colour, and will wear very well. I should advise you to have the armchairs tightly covered with this, and a frill to the ground, as they always last much longer when done in

this way, and the charge is not large for upholstering if you find the material.

CORDELIA.—I do wish I could say I like your drawing-room paper, but I can't; a washable paper wants a *very* good pattern and colouring to "make it go down," and yours is so pale. Do not have cornices, merely nice brass poles and rings, I think Shoolbred's pretty Negus curtains, 14s. 6d. the pair (and not rubbish either!), would suit as well as anything; write to Mr. Lamb and ask for those with a *turquoise blue* broad band at the edge—Tottenham Court Road is the address; have cream "loveknot" thin curtains, Shoolbred 10s. 6d. the pair; greeny-blue serge curtains over the folding doors—Holroyd Barker, 488, Oxford Street, will make you these inexpensively, or sell you the serge by the yard. I should not curtain the door leading to the stairs, but panel it with Knowles's gold fishscale, 2s. 6d. the yard, yard wide, and have a little railed shelf for pottery, etc., over the door. Emerson, 223, Regent Street, would supply this for a few shillings; paint it to match the door. You send no plan, so I cannot possibly say *where* the piano is to go; but turn it outwards across the corner; get one of my brass piano rods—Shoolbred makes them, about 5s. 6d.—and have a simple curtain all over the back, of Graham and Biddle's, Graham House, Oxford Street, "Marlboro," with silky pale blue stripe and terra-cotta flowers—about 2s. 8d. the yard, 50 inches wide. (I assure you that your notion of *dark blue*, with so washy a paper, would be quite fatal, and entirely destroy the colour the walls now show.) I should have half a width of terra-cotta plushette edged with ball fringe, and one foot longer at each end than the mantel piece, simply laid on it and held by tiny rings slipped over brass-headed nails in the wall. If you have room for one of Holroyd Barker's "cosy corners," with broad seat and high stuffed back, 75s. 6d., covered in cretonne, it would be a pleasant feature in

your little room. Then, as economy is an object, you could have large basket arm-chairs. Heelas, Minster Street, Reading, makes them *really to last*. His "Cambridge" (full size), cushioned throughout, and ready for use, is only 22s. 6d. in golden brown wicker, or the Student, with large pocket for newspapers, 26s. 9d., is delightful. Choose your own cretonne. He would, by the way, send you an illustrated sheet of these chairs and others. For furniture, my best advice is send for one of Wallace and Co.'s, 154, Curtain Road, E.C., catalogues; his things are not only very cheap, but I will vouch for their being thoroughly reliable. One or two of the charming little Chippendale inlaid "Pamela" chairs, with blue and cream cane seats, 16s. 6d. each (a marvel of cheapness), would suit your room well. You give no address, so I do not know if you could go and *see* the things (always pleasant, I think). If you can, the "Mansion House" is the best station to go to. About the dark landing, not having seen a plan, it is again rather difficult to advise you. I should let a local carpenter make the long low cupboard for it—to have it without doors, and merely a pretty bright curtain would be a gain in so small a case, and cost *much less*. The mistake was to use a terra-cotta paper and paint for a dark landing—it swallows up light! whereas yellow and white paint *gives* it you. I should have *no* curtains, but (if you can get one the right size) one of Shoolbred's pretty *Reed arches* which obscure light much less, and add quaintness to any staircase or hall window, quite inexpensive. I ought to have said Shoolbred's terra-cotta and gold Marguerite carpet (Brussels 3s. 11d. the yard for the drawing-room). If still in print, a landing illustrated—in the spring—in MYRA'S JOURNAL (204, Regent-street) would I think help you to arrange yours prettily. I am putting this answer in HEARTH AND HOME as well, as you do not say in which paper you will look for answer.

✿ Spinnings in Town. ✿

"Suovent femme varie."

CHARMING as were the lovely delaines of the past season, pretty as the girls looked in the showy yet delicate fabrics, the eye, wearied of the "spotty effect" given by the bouquets of flowers *semé* over the light or dark grounds, turns with relief to self-coloured and to plain fabrics. Especially trying to the artistic sense was the back effect of some delaines, particularly in church, where, try one's best to attend to other things, a terribly ill-matched pattern *would* intrude upon the vision, and make one long for the day of plain fabrics, when errors in cutting out were less obtrusive.

The autumnal season brings less ephemeral fabrics to the front, and among the most useful as well as elegant textile fabrics are the well-known and thoroughly appreciated Priestley's All-Wool Dress Fabrics, which are 44 inches in width, and which run 40 yards to the piece, a most convenient length for families, but which may be also bought by the yard, any length being cut by the chief drapers in London and country, Messrs. Debenham and Freebody, to particularise, keeping a complete stock of these beautiful fabrics, in white, grey, and black.

The all-wool fabrics consist of Albatross cloth, an excellent every-day material, which will give great satisfaction for girls' school dresses and for hard wear. For mourning a special "wool mourning cloth" is made, Nos. 1 and 2, matching crape to perfection, and possessing the admirable quality of being exquisitely soft in wear, giving none of the repulsive sense of harshness so usual with mourning fabrics, as "bure" for example, as if sorrow were not hard enough to bear without being rasped into the bargain.

Admirably made is the "Ravena Twill," which is produced in four qualities, and which is particularly suitable for the tailor style of dress, looking rich yet simple, and most becoming if made with the fashionable jacket basques. This fabric requires no trimming, but may be braided or finished by velvet revers, etc., if the outline of the wearer forbids the elegant severity of the true tailor-made costume. Equally adapted for this purpose is the range of India cloths, which can be had in Priestley's fabrics in four qualities, from fine to very rich thick cloth, warm yet light beyond belief, and, as such, extremely suitable for autumnal, seaside, or mountain wear. The intermediate range of quality will please many ladies who do not care for the ultra warmth of No. 4, or the exquisite fineness of No. 1. Then again there are two makes of "Cachemire de l'Inde," Nos. 1 and 2, less rich looking but most durable, and very great favourites with those who have tried them. Among the fancy black cloths we find the admirable "Biarritz" cloth in one quality only, having the appearance of a rich poplin; the wool "Armure" in four varieties of design, all most ladylike and stylish, and exactly adapted in all respects to the time of year and the modes

of the day. Not easily worn out is the "Panama" cloth, which is an all-wool cloth, woven in tiny chequered lines of great beauty, and most stylish in effect.

For evening wear, with or without the addition of the fine jet so much worn, the all-wool "veiling" may be mentioned as one of the most useful fabrics for the purpose, as it falls in rich folds like crêpe de chine, and, although so fine and so light, is yet most handsome in effect. Of the silk and wool dress fabrics of Messrs. Priestley's manufacture it is impossible to speak too highly. The "Henrietta cloths" are too well known to need much comment from The Silkworm; they are made in four qualities, and are suitable for costumes for those who wear black by choice as well as for those who are compelled to don the garb and trappings of woe. The "Melrose cloth," silk and wool, is an exquisite fabric and of unending wear, as I can personally attest, having worn this material until I was quite known by it; but it is not possible to say too much of its qualities. A special mourning cloth of silk and wool is made in three qualities, and will be found extremely light and comfortable wear, matching crape well and suitable for the very deepest mourning. The same remarks apply to the silk and wool cachemire de l'Inde.

"Drap d'Alma" is a delicately fine and extremely beautiful thick cloth, making up exceedingly well, and requiring little or no trimming. Silk and wool serges form admirable travelling costumes, possessing all the lightness of silk combined with the brushable nature of serge. Reverting for a moment to mourning fabrics, the silk and wool Crêpe Cloth may be considered perfection of beauty and durability in this style of crêpe, and forms an invaluable resource to those who are obliged to wear very deep mourning. Three charming styles of silk and wool Armure merit attention, as these fabrics make very stylish suits and costumes for those many "functions" when one desires to be well, but not too well dressed for the occasion.

The silk and wool "Clairettes" are exquisitely fine fabrics in black and white, in two qualities and styles, the first not unlike China silk of the best quality, the second very similar to crêpe de chine, falling in the same soft folds and having the same lovely effects. These last-named fabrics are exquisitely fine, although durable enough to bear several cleanings, and making up admirably as evening dresses.

Messrs. Briggs, Priestley, and Sons have also wonderfully pretty grey materials in many of the above named makes, but I have not dwelt upon these, grey having not a very long run of public favour, and the autumn being the season for more solid tints, and for darker hues.

There are no forms of destruction more aggravating to the careful housekeeper than those indulged in by the laundress, and whether the clothes are sent to the laundress who plies her art (everything is an



PROMENADE TOILETTE.

Specially designed for the Priestley Dress Fabrics.

Dress of Priestley Henrietta Cloth, the skirt cut in pointed tabs bordered with velvet over a gathered flounce. Bodice fastened on the left under a coquillé, and four bands of velvet fastened with bows simulating a corselet. Puffed sleeves, pleated below the elbow. Velvet trimmings.

For Prices of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of DESCRIPTIONS.

art nowadays!) in a small way with no better drying ground than her back garden, or whether they go to a steam laundry with all the latest scientific sanitary apparatus, drying closets, etc., the result is pretty much the same, and the clothes are worn out long before they ought to show the first signs of wear and tear. No wonder that washing at home is becoming a very usual remedy for a state of affairs that it seems impossible to alter for the better in any other way.

A new soap that makes home laundry work so easy and quickly accomplished that it is robbed of more than half its disagreeable

description, is the quality for which careful housewives will most appreciate it, perhaps. In this respect it is impossible to wish for anything better, and I strongly advise its introduction into houses where greasy clothes are washed at home.

Venus Soap is very cheap, and is entirely free from injurious ingredients. A clever idea of the manufacturers is the dividing of the tablets into sections, one section being sufficient for a small bucket of water, or the entire tablet for ten gallons. This is a most useful arrangement as it puts an end to all hesitation



FASHIONABLE WALKING COSTUMES.

FIG. 1. Skirt of printed foulard on an electric blue ground. Jacket of Ophelia bengaline in thick ribs; the fronts open, and fitted by a breast-pleat; the basques cut shorter at the sides and forming a kind of Louis XV. pocket over the deep basque at the sides and back. Buttons at the waist; rolled collar and gigot sleeve. Waistcoat of cream silk ornamented with coloured embroidery and a lace cravat and jabot. White straw hat trimmed with maize coloured crépon and anemones. Quantity of material required, foulard 8 yards, bengaline 5 yards.

FIG. 2. Dress of white woollen crépon, striped with bands of maize-coloured galon woven into the material, but joined to it on one edge only, the other edge being loose. Plain skirt cut on the cross and bordered with three ruches of yellow silk muslin. The front and back of the bodice cut without seams, on the cross, and with a sheaf of pleats at the waist; the neck cut in a low round over a draped chemisette of silk muslin; the pointed corselet band, the puffs on the sleeves, and the ruches on the corsage and sleeves are of the silk muslin. White hat, trimmed with white wings and yellow crépon. Quantity of material required 7 yards.

For Prices of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of DESCRIPTIONS.

accompaniments, is the Venus Soap, manufactured by Messrs. Joseph Watson and Sons, of Leeds. If this soap be used according to the very simple directions given with it, the clothes, no matter how soiled, may be washed without rubbing; if boiled with the soap and stirred occasionally, no further labour is required. Silks, woollens, and all kinds of fabrics may be cleansed with Venus Soap, but its peculiar power of removing grease from kitchen cloths, and articles of this

as to the quantity of soap that is required for a little or a big wash.

I have recently received so many appeals for advice on an old subject, that I must here revert to it. Amongst the manifold trials of which correspondents complain, one of the most afflicting seems to be the existence of superfluous hair and the difficulty of its removal. To pluck it out hair by hair is most difficult and tedious; besides

which, it is proverbial that where one is pulled out two grow. Tweezers and pumice stone are barbarous absurdities for the removal of superfluous hair. It may, however, be removed with ease by the use of a good depilatory, and this seems the only proper and safe method. It is undoubtedly by far the best one. I must here repeat, for the information of my correspondents, what I have so often said before, that no depilatory will in one application destroy the power of future growth, as well as remove existing hair; but a really good

remedied, is the form of acne generally known as "greasy skin." Probably many of my readers are unaware that a solution of Rimmel's Toilet Vinegar and water will remove all traces of the shiny, greasy appearance. A pleasanter and simpler remedy could hardly be wished for, and the toilet vinegar is useful for so many other purposes that it is really almost indispensable. For my own part, I have never tried to do without it, and have no wish to launch out into dreadful experiments.



TOILETTES FOR COUNTRY HOUSE VISITS.

FIG. 1. Dress of blue crêpon, the skirt caught up a little at the hips on each side, and trimmed with vandyke points of dark blue moiré galon spotted with white. Full bodice with pleats at the waist, back, and front and open over a plain white chemisette. Puffed sleeves to the elbow, and turned down collar. Trimming of galon on the bodice and sleeves. Straw capote trimmed with white wings and blue velvet. Quantity of material required, 8 yards.

FIG. 2 Dress of cream foulard with pattern in shades of iris. The skirt edged with a lace flounce, draped in festoons with bands and bows of iris ribbon velvet. Pointed bodice gauged round the neck, and with sheaf pleats at the waist; panier draperies added on under the velvet band with bows in front and on each side of the back. Full sleeves with lace ruffles, and bands and bows of velvet; similar bands and bows on the front of the corsage and round the neck. Ruche of foulard at the neck. Black hat trimmed with iris ribbon and black feathers. Quantity of material required, 17 yards.

For Prices of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of DESCRIPTIONS.

depilatory will in one application remove the hair, and afterwards only an occasional application is needed to prevent it from again attaining a visible growth. The best depilatory, and one to which I can refer my correspondents with confidence, is that prepared by Mr. Mason, pharmaceutical chemist, Norwich. He will post it, under cover, to any address on receipt of 2s.

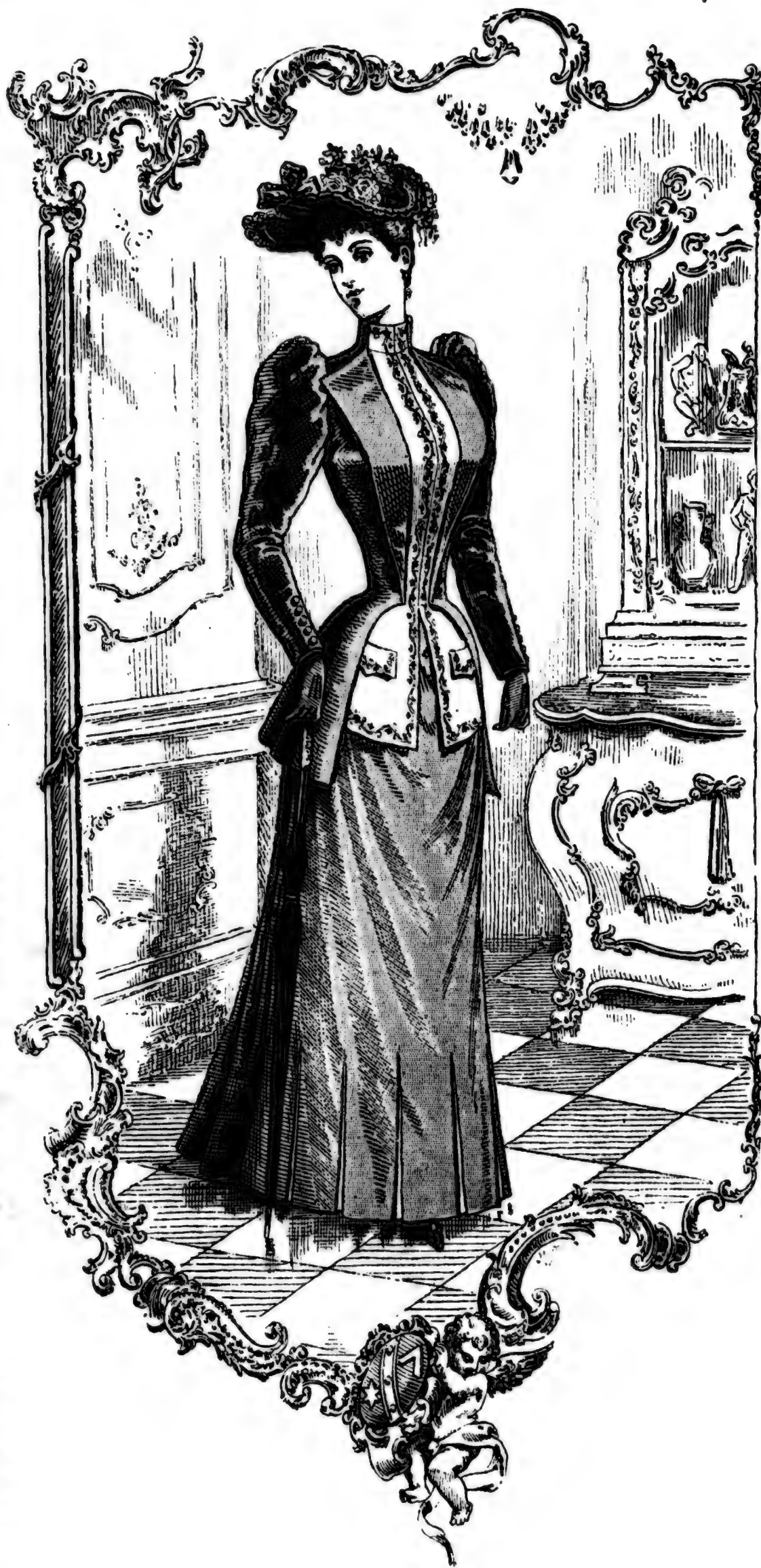
A very common skin affection, and one that is very easily

Messrs. Rimmel's perfumes are, as all the world knows, fragrant, varied, and delicious. There is a fashion in perfumes as in other things, but many women, having once chosen their perfume, will use no other, so that there is always a certain demand for old favourites, and all of these can be procured from Messrs. Rimmel. Then, again, there is the fashion of having all one's toilet preparations perfumed alike, and M. Rimmel was the first to offer this refinement of the toilet to

his clients; his Tilia perfumery is the most dainty product of the kind, and comprises, besides the extract, toilet water, soap, cold cream, pomade, powder, etc., all perfumed alike.

Quite a number of new extracts and bouquets have been introduced of late; three very delicate perfumes are the Wood Violet, Egyptian Lotus, and Extract of Stephanotis; the White Lilac, the Nice Violet, and the White Heliotrope perfumery, all have their fascinations, and each and all of these may be had separately in large or small flacons, or in sets of two, three, or more bottles, daintily packed in fancy boxes. Thus we may buy for our own use a modest flacon for 2s. 6d., and purchase as an offering for a friend a more or less elaborate and costly case of perfumes, or we may reverse the process, which would be quite in accordance with the spirit of the age, and give the little bottle to our dearest friend, and keep the large one for ourselves!

There is no material more thoroughly adapted for the present fashions of plain skirts and jacket bodices than Louis velveteen; it is rich and heavy enough for the plainest of skirts, even without a foundation, and its bloom and pile soften the very angular strained outlines that spoil so many of the plain cloths made up in this way. For Louis XIV. and Louis XV. jackets there is nothing to equal this material, except silk velvet at a very high price, which only the wealthy can afford to give. If it were not for Louis velveteen people with slender dress allowances would never know the pleasure of feeling the rich soft folds around them, and noting the play of light and shade in these deep-piled fabrics. We have been hearing a great deal lately about the hard lives to which many married women are condemned; of the incessant strain to make two ends meet, and of the never-ceasing toil of looking after children and maids; yet when the evening comes and the hard-worked matron dons her becoming and comfortable velveteen tea-gown she begins to think that her hour of compensation has arrived, that she looks her best, and will enjoy her quiet evening all



VISITING TOILETTE.

Specially designed for the Louis Velveteens.

Dress of tan-coloured Louis velveteen, the skirt cut in tabs over an underskirt of turquoise blue cloth. Jacket of velveteen with revers of the same over a blue cloth waistcoat embroidered with gold; pockets and collar to match. Gilet sleeves buttoned at the wrist.

For Prices of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of DESCRIPTIONS.

the more for knowing that she does so.

Children never look better than in velveteen frocks, and, indeed, whether we are young, old, or middle-aged, the material cannot fail to be becoming. It softens harsh outlines, hangs in artistic folds, and raises the value of the skin tints. All fabrics with pile have this effect, and if the colour be well chosen the result is most marked—a muddy complexion begins to look clear, and a skin that is far from smooth by nature will often look like satin.

The pile of these excellent velveteens is deep, full, and fast, and they are all carefully made and marked at the back, so that there need be no doubt as to whether one is or is not purchasing a genuine Louis velveteen.

For autumn and winter wear the Louis velveteens are procurable in a great variety of very beautiful and fashionable shades; amongst these some of the drab and tan tints are very noticeable. There are navy blues in as many shades as serge or cloth; heliotrope, pansy, dahlia, and anemone shades of all kinds; browns, greens, clarets, electric blues and greys are all well represented, and for evening wear there are a number of very pale colours that are particularly charming. These include absinthe and water-greens, forget-me-not and water-blue, the palest rose and salmon pinks, apricot, yellow, cream and white, to say nothing of mauves and indescribable tints that are delightful to behold but impossible to describe.

So much of the set and wear of a velveteen depends on the lining used with it that I advise all ladies when buying Louis velveteen to secure also the Louis Patent Lining, especially made and adapted for it. The linings can be had in black and a number of shades, and are thirty inches wide. It is worth while to take some trouble to procure the linings, for they are very good and durable.

There is no useful invention which has not been subjected to that flattering but inconvenient form of appreciation that finds expression in cheap imitation; nevertheless though adulterations abound, and

do their best to deceive us by their well got-up appearance, the real thing can always be had, if we only take a little trouble and know by what infallible signs it may be recognised.

The Canfield Seamless Dress Shields have been favourite victims of this passion for counterfeiting, but none of the imitations produced have the good qualities of the original invention, and in fact many of the infringements of the patent have resulted in dress preservers that are about as useful as a sheet of tissue paper; they are a little cheaper, sometimes, and that is their whole merit.

The genuine Canfield Dress Shields are the only ones of the kind that really possess the qualities for which they are distinguished; they are seamless, odourless, and soft, thoroughly absorbent, and as thin as they can be made to be useful. Both sides are covered with a fine white stockingette fabric, they are well shaped, and the two halves being of the same size, the bodice and sleeve are equally well protected. The shields were till recently made on the Continent, but, as the quality deteriorated, the Canfield Rubber Company now make all their goods at the original factory in America under the original patent. They guarantee all shields bearing the Canfield trade mark, which is clearly printed on the outside of the shield, so that ladies who are really anxious to procure the real, and not the imitation articles, can at once recognise them. They answer admirably, and are quite worth insisting upon; fortunately all good drapers keep them.

A well cured, well smoked, and well flavoured Yorkshire ham will always be one of the daintiest breakfast dishes that can be placed on the table. The worst of it is that genuine Yorkshire hams cannot always be procured, and, although many other kinds are very excellent, they are not quite the same thing to the connoisseur in hams. It is, therefore, a great pleasure to me to be able to give my readers an address to which they may send in the certainty of being supplied with a genuine Yorkshire ham.

Messrs. Tuke and Co., Yorkshire Produce Merchants, of Bradford, Yorks., supply the finest old York hams at 11d. per lb.; a ham weighs about 20lbs., but as this is rather a large amount for small families, half hams are also supplied, the shank end costing 11½d., and the thick end 1s. per lb. If the ham is wanted for immediate use, or boiling a large ham is too serious an undertaking, the hams can be sent ready cooked and skinned, and carefully packed in wooden boxes at 3d. per lb. extra; they are weighed when ready for sending off, and are most excellent in flavour.

Boned hams are a speciality of the firm, and cost from 8d. to 9½d. per lb.; these are all fine selected hams, and may be had whole, weighing about 16lb., or half a ham only will be sent if preferred; these boned hams may be had either smoked or unsmoked, the smoked hams costing a half-penny per lb. more than the others. There is, of course, no waste in boned hams, and they are mild and well-flavoured.

Messrs. Tuke and Co. supply various other Yorkshire delicacies, besides bacon, cheese, and butter of many kinds, all at very moderate prices and in the best quality; I advise house-keepers to send for their price list, it will be found worthy a little quiet study and reflection. In the country, even more than in town, the difficulty of procuring really good bacon and hams is very great, there is but little choice, and what there is is not of the best kinds, hence it is a great boon to know of some house to which one can send with the certainty of receiving the best provisions of the kind desired.

The autumn specialities of "The Perth Dye Works" are worthy of consideration at this season, and a full description of them is given in the useful catalogue sent gratis by the firm to all who apply for it,

together with a colour list pointing out all the shades that different colours will dye. Many mistakes may be avoided by a reference to this colour list, and the whole of the information given in the catalogue is extremely practical and useful.

Dresses of light coloured woollens that have been worn throughout the summer, and are now faded and unsuitable for autumn wear, may be dyed in the warmer and darker shades appropriate to the season without being unpicked or remade. For silks, satins, velvets, and velveteens, special processes are adopted which preserve the fabric and give it a rich and brilliant finish; black and coloured velveteens may be dyed in almost any shade, the pile is raised, and where necessary the material can be re-embossed.

Furs and fur-lined garments can be either cleaned or dyed; any ravages caused by moth can be checked, and the skins purified. The sooner furs are sent the better; if left till late in the season, there is such an immense amount of work to be got through that it is impossible to execute all orders before the cold weather sets in. Messrs. P. and P. Campbell will even undertake repairs and alterations of furs.

With these may also be sent gentlemen's suits and overcoats, to be dyed or cleaned by the French cleaning process, and pressed. Thanks to this system of dry cleaning, all traces of impurity and marks of all kinds are removed without the slightest injury to the fabric, and also without shrinkage; while the original gloss and freshness of the cloth are restored to it.

Young ladies who are bemoaning the soiled condition of their mixed tweed costumes and cloaks, will be glad to know that these can be dyed in darker shades and look equal to new again, and that such trifles as feathers, gloves, scarves, ribbons, etc., can all be cleaned or dyed in such excellent style that they can begin a new existence as well as if they had only just been purchased.

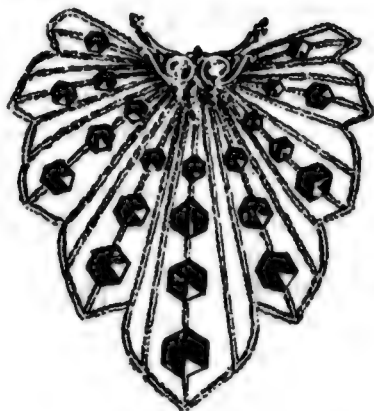
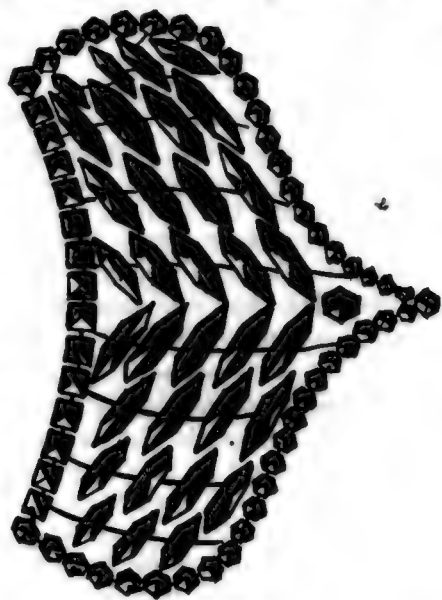
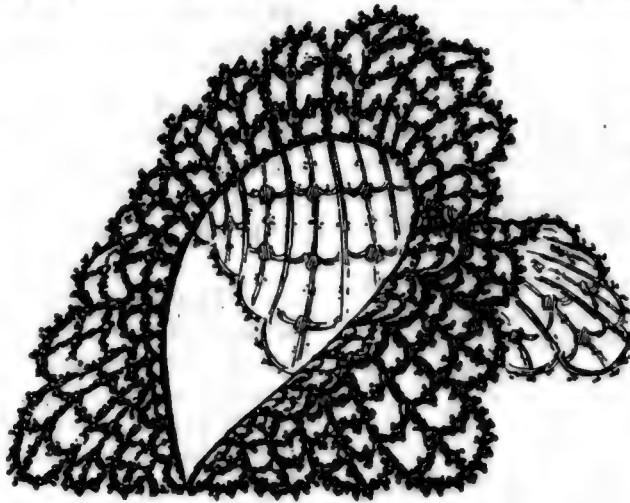
Curtains, both white and coloured, often need cleaning before the winter

begins. Those of woollen or mixed silk and woollen fabrics can be dry-cleaned whole, or dyed and finished equal to new; starched curtains will be returned white or tinted, properly stiffened, and with a smooth dust-resisting surface.

I think what I have said will be enough to give my readers some idea of the leading autumn specialities of the firm, and no doubt most of them can add considerably to the list. Every care and attention is given by the firm to all work entrusted to them. Their experience is large, the business having existed for over three-quarters of a century, their terms are moderate, and the exactitude and punctuality with which articles are returned is little short of marvellous. Ladies will save themselves a great deal of trouble and avoid all possibility of disappointment by being careful to address their parcels correctly to Messrs. P. and P. Campbell, The Perth Dye Works, Perth; Campbell is a not uncommon name in Scotland, and there is much virtue in the initials P. and P.

A new kind of artistic occupation, of which I have seen some charming examples at Miss Eliza Turck's Studio, 140, High Street, St. John's Wood, is Cloisonné Email Painting, for the decoration of all kinds of articles made of terra cotta. These articles include trays, plates, vases, inkstands, plaques, flower-pots, frames, etc.; the design is incised on these ready for the application of the enamel colours, which dry with a beautiful smooth, hard, glazed surface like fine porcelain, without the necessity of firing or varnishing. The work is interesting, very simple, and delightfully effective, the colours being most brilliant and requiring only taste in their combination, and a steady hand to lay them on. Miss Turck has organised classes for teaching ladies this new decorative work, and also supplies the colours and mediums required for it.

THE SILKWORM.



JET ORNAMENTS.

- No. 1. Medici collar and yoke. No. 2. Cache-peigne. No. 3. Moth, in gold and jet. No. 4. Jet butterfly for bonnet. No. 5. Pointed band with fringe in silk and jet.

❧ The Ladies' Gallery. ❧

Miss Balfour's article in the August number of *Murray's Magazine* will no doubt be read with the closest attention by all classes of the public in Ireland. The account is of the tours taken through the west where the pinch of distress was most keenly felt, her first visit being at the close of October last, in company with the Chief Secretary; and later on with her Excellency the Countess of Zetland she made a tour through the wild regions of the west coast. We all know in a practical way what their results have been, and the people of Ireland are not likely to forget to what influence they owe those benefits that are now but beginning to develop. Miss Balfour in her article speaks of the inhabitants in the kindest terms, and acknowledges their simple and sincere hospitality.

Little Lady Alexandra Duff has begun to fulfil her duties as a public person. She has made her first acquaintance with the camera, and some day it is possible this first photographic counterfeit presentment may be published in the illustrated papers in order to show her subjects what Victoria II. was like as a wee baby. The little Lady Alexandra has been "taken" lying on her proud mother's lap, the Duke of Fife standing at the Duchess's side. The second occasion on which this small person has played an important part is her presentation to her father's tenants, the Duke and Duchess of Fife and their little daughter having received a most enthusiastic welcome on their arrival at Duff House.

Fraulein Lepper's remarks at Melbourne upon the subject of tea-drinking have received startling confirmation from the medical man who examined the unfortunate woman recently charged with drowning her two children in Epping Forest. On inquiry he discovered that the prisoner had been in the habit of drinking tea frequently during the day, and he expressed his opinion that in her physical and mental condition, this had helped to produce intense melancholia, "the influence of tea, taken in excess, would undermine the constitution," he said, and assuredly it is taken quite as much in excess by working-women as beer is by working-men. But this is a charge not to be wholly brought against working-women. Society women are equally guilty. In the course of a round of afternoon calls, they consume enough strong tea and "theine" to temporarily shatter their nerves, and when one adds to all this, the cup of tea brought by the maid to the bedside in the morning, the after-dinner cup, the sip in the boudoir before the dressing-bell rings, and oft-times the final cup, brewed by Jacqueline or Perkins, when my lady comes home weary after an evening's gaities, the cause of so much nervousness and depression among modern women is not far to seek.

The Authors' Club will soon be an accomplished fact. Its home has not been settled on, but the Society of Authors' office will receive applications from those wishing to become members. The leading spirits, it would appear, have not yet decided whether or no to admit ladies, though Mr. Besant is known to be in favour of receiving them. And why not? They can belong to the Society, and, therefore, ought to be eligible for the club. Even the Journalists' Society makes them welcome. An interesting number of the *Cosmopolitan* is a witness to the growing influence of women writers. It devotes an article to the Women's Press Club of New York, and presents its readers with seventeen portraits of members. Miss Fannie Matthews supplies the letterpress, and gives a charming account of the ladies, most of whom are comparatively or actually young, and look extremely intelligent as well as "nice."

Mr. Harrison Weir has burst forth in vigorous denunciation of the practice of adorning women's attire with birds or portions of birds. "Beautiful birds, useful birds, sweet singing birds are being snared, caught and killed to minister to the vagary of fashion." Now, there are, no doubt, numbers of women who do not themselves care to wear "little shrivelled legs stuck about with beads," and yet do not condemn those who do. There is something greatly repugnant in the killing of beautiful birds merely to minister to fashion's vagaries; but if people like the idea, there can be no possible harm in wearing birds which have been killed because they are, however unjustly, deemed pests, or to furnish forth a dainty dish. How is it Mr. Weir does not cry out against the iniquity of the execrable lark pie? There can surely be no two opinions among civilised persons—we are not all civilised yet—as to the revolting cruelty of silencing the sweet voice that "at heaven's gate sings." It is chiefly men who

delight in these abominable morsels; why does Mr. Weir leave them alone, and attack the ladies only? To kill to eat is worse than to kill to wear, for eating is a selfish pleasure, and we attire ourselves to please others. (?) Doves and partridges are lovely birds, but universally killed for "sport" first, and for eating afterwards. There is nothing wanton in adorning the head with feathers. If there be a fault, it lies with the sportsmen and the epicures; at least, the women's error is merely one of taste.

For many years past the National Health Society has been carrying on most useful work in diffusing the elementary principles of hygiene, sick nursing, and cheap cookery amongst the lower classes by means of lectures under the attractive title of "Homely Talks." As these lectures have included such subjects as "Dinners to be sent to father out-of-doors," "Baby's Food," "Washing and Ironing," &c., it is not difficult to understand their success and popularity, nor why several of the County Councils have determined to avail themselves of the services of the Society, and at their own expense provide for the extension of this capital teaching.

The case of "great domestic interest," as it was described by several of the dailies, suggests two or three points for passing comment. In the first place, we cannot suppose that Judge Bayley is a married man. If he were, he would hardly, we imagine, have ventured to pronounce, with apparently as light a heart as that with which M. Emile Ollivier entered upon the disastrous war of 1870, the bomb-like judgment which carried consternation into model households innumerable one morning last month. Matrons, grave and gay, who are holding up their hands in horror at what they regard as a "monstrous" decision, must deplore the freak of fate which associated his Honour with the leading case in the law of servants' caps. Had the action of *Chappell v. Kennedy* only been tried in Bloomsbury County Court, before the particularly sensible and sympathetic judicial personage who proved himself a veritable Daniel come to judgment in deciding the delicate question of the fit or misfit of the dresses of the sisters Dene, it is certain that he would not have displayed, like his learned brother at Westminster, a profound ignorance of the fact that our neat-handed Phyllises are not always the tidiest young women in respect of their hair.

The *fin de siècle* domestic, evidently in as great a degree as her congener of a few years since, regards the cap solely in the aspect of a badge of servitude and resents it accordingly. Some of our new teachers will possibly see in this a development of the sense of social dignity befitting a democratic age. It is, however, surprising that this deep-rooted resentment should show no sign of diminution at a time when the nursing community has enabled mankind to realise how sensibly a pretty white "mob" daintily poised on a shapely head adds to its wearer's personal attractiveness and charm. Men, I am confident, have only one opinion about it.

The Irish Distressed Ladies' Fund has just received a donation of £100 from Sir Robert Hart, G.C.M.C., Inspector-General of Chinese Customs in China, through Lady Wade. It is to be hoped that this large subscription so generously given by one so far distant will stimulate the collection for this good purpose at home. The fund unfortunately has been at a much lower ebb than could be wished lately, and considering the great merits of the movement, it is sad that the flow of benevolence should go past such a desirable charity.

The thirty-eighth report of the Department of Science and Art of the Committee of Council on Education contains the reports for 1890 of the Dean of Council of the Royal College of Science for Ireland, also the report of the Director of Science and Art Museum, Dublin, and returns dealing with the Royal Botanic Gardens and National Library. The Dean of Council of the College of Science states that the number of students has increased steadily for many years, and the number this session promises to be still greater. Several distinctions have been gained by the college, notably Miss Robertson, M.A., who was awarded the studentship of experimental science. Mr. Griffith obtained a special gold medal with honours, and Mr. Frederic Dunn (an associate) got the first-class exhibition at the second professional examination in engineering, while Mr. Johnston (an occasional student) was awarded the £42 exhibition at a B.A. Degree Examination. Each of the reports were equally satisfactory, Mr. Archer's survey of the National Library being that 55,527 gentlemen and 8,474 ladies, making a total of 64,001, have attended during the year.

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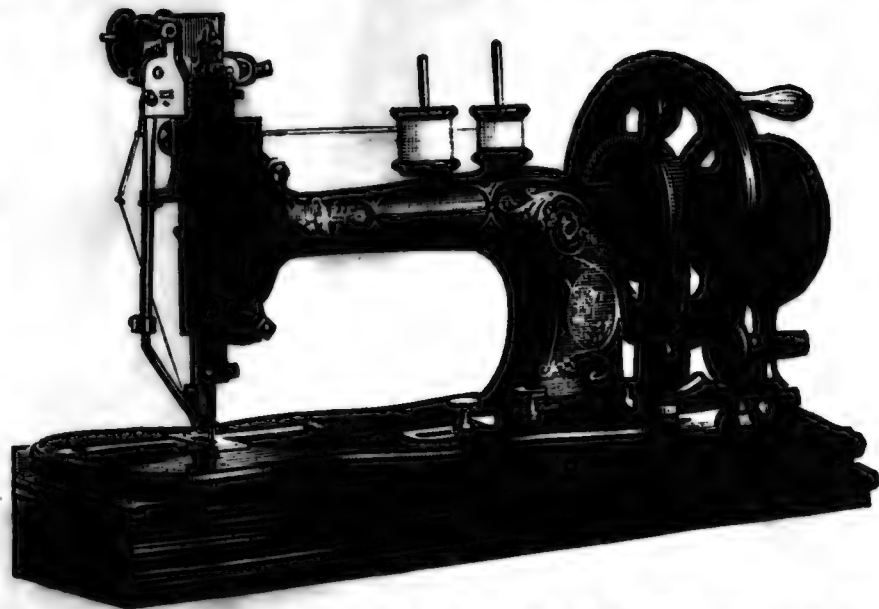
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For Prices of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of DESCRIPTIONS.

"FOR EVER AND EVER."

BY FLORENCE MARRYAT,

Author of "Love's Conflict," "Too Good for Him," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIX.—Continued.

SHE had, in common with all who were interested in the affair, read the news of Miss Bellew's marriage to Leofric Temple in the *Times*, in which it had been duly announced. Of course, the circumstance had been well talked of by the members of Miss Bellew's profession; and the Liverpool manager, to whom she had engaged herself for the autumn season, had had more than a great deal to say on the subject. Catherine Hurst had been able to make a very good guess, then, as to the reason of John Wardlaw's illness before she saw him; but if she had had any doubt upon the subject, his wild, disjointed talk would soon have settled the question.

It was sad work for those who nursed him to watch the incessant rolling of his handsome head from side to side of his hot pillow, and to listen to the constant entreaties which issued from his lips that they would not hold him down, but set his arms free that he might strike and overcome the unnamed adversary who was always opposing him during those long, dark hours of senseless raving.

Sadder still, in his quieter moments, to hear the pathetic appeals he would make to his dead mother to save him from the fate she had brought him into the world to endure; or to his faithless love, to assure him that it had all been a dream, that he was only ill, delirious, weak in his head, and that with returning health and strength he should regain in her what he fancied he had lost.

Mingled with childish fears not bordering on the subject in hand, when he would scream at the supposed attack of a cat or a vulture upon him; or talk all night to himself, in an awed and quivering voice, of the white tombstone which gleamed upon him from the darkest corner of the room, and which bore his own name and age, and date of death.

They cut off all his hair close to his head, disfigured his broad white brows with leech-bites, took all the skin off the nape of his neck with blisters, and salivated him throughout with mercury.

These measures proving at last successful in grappling with and throwing the fierce fever which possessed him, one day, some three weeks after, with eyes sunk in his head, a skin like parchment, black dry lips and tongue, and large bones nearly coming through his flesh, John Wardlaw awoke once more to the sense of being alive, and was pronounced "out of danger." The benevolent woman, whose life was spent in doing good, and who never wearied of her work so long as it was needed, gave a long sigh of welcome relief, as she heard the doctor's fiat, and then retiring to the adjoining room, fell down on her knees and thanked God for the reprieve He had permitted to His unrepentant child.

Long before that, she had sent word to Sutton Valence of John Wardlaw's illness, keeping back, however, the full extent of his danger. Captain and Mrs. Wardlaw had received the news, as may be anticipated, in a very indifferent spirit; although the former did contemplate, in the event of his son getting worse, going up to town to ascertain if his will was made. Poor little Alice, of course, was all tears and sympathy, but she was not told that the illness was dangerous, and therefore was saved from much needless anxiety for her brother's safety; and for the same reason, neither the Stuarts nor the Temples had the opportunity of displaying what amount of feeling they would have exhibited if they had been aware that John Wardlaw's fever had taken so alarming a turn. Miss Hurst certainly did, on her patient becoming seriously worse, send a private intimation to his father to that effect, adding, that if he wished to visit him, there were rooms in the house at his service; but Captain Wardlaw did not believe in the danger, and had a stringent dislike to anything catching (in which category he ruthlessly placed all fevers), and therefore Catherine Hurst's second letter remained unnoticed; and knowing the indifference with which the young man she was nursing was regarded by his family, she was too much disgusted by the circumstance to write again.

"No," she thought to herself; "his mother died alone, save for me, and yet expressed herself happy in so doing; and if her son is to rejoin her now, he shall

do it, poor boy, from within the circle of the same arms which held her dying head. Such a father as his is better anywhere than about his death-bed."

But John Wardlaw did not die. Gaunt, weak, and utterly weary, but purged within and without by the fierce ravages of the fever, he rose to his feet again, in every respect a better man than when he had stumbled and fallen on the march of life beneath the weight of the burthen which heaven had ordained that he should carry. His understanding came back to him by degrees. On first awaking from that living death, he was not able to comprehend at all why he was there or where he had been; still less, what meant this apparition by his bedside of a grey-haired lady robed in black, and with a strange white cap upon her head. But by and by it came back to him. By and by he recalled the horrid scenes through which he had passed, the sufferings of hell he had endured; the base robbery he had submitted to; and then followed in their train the remembrance of his sensations of approaching illness, and the means by which he had told the servant-maid to apprise Miss Hurst that he required her services.

"How good it was of you to come," he said, feebly, as her identity became clear to him. "How my poor mother would have thanked you for it if she had been alive."

"She is alive, John," replied Miss Hurst, "in a far more glorious life than any we live here, and she knows, and thanks me for it, I am sure of that; and her thanks are quite sufficient, without yours, so I will not have you weary your poor weak head with trying to express your gratitude."

For a few more days he lay feebly trying to solve the problem of why he had been permitted to live, and almost ready to rebel when any effort was required of him which should advance his convalescence; but then he began to discover that his food really had some taste in it, that he was tired of lying in bed, and that when he had not eaten for an hour or two, he felt hungry.

"An old friend of yours has been inquiring daily after you, John," said Miss Hurst, one evening, as she sat in the pleasant firelight by his side; "some one who is deeply interested in your recovery, and would like to help towards it, if a little company now and then would do so."

"An old friend!" exclaimed John Wardlaw, and the evident suspicion which flushed his cheek made his nurse hasten to disabuse his mind of the idea which had taken possession of him.

"It is a man friend," she said, briskly; "and as he is waiting downstairs now, I will fetch him up at once, and you shall see him for yourself."

She left the room as she spoke, and in another minute a heavy footstep was heard ascending the little staircase, the door of the apartment reopened, and by the flickering light of the fire John Wardlaw saw the honest face of poor Tom Cornicott beaming upon him with undisguised sympathy for all that he had passed through.

"Cornicott!" he exclaimed, springing up in bed, and seizing the other's hand, "my dear Cornicott, how can you come to see me after our last parting? It's more than I deserve at your hands—it is indeed."

"Hush! my dear fellow," said the artist, whose voice, as he gazed upon the changed appearance of his young friend, became rather husky. "Hush! my dear Wardlaw, there was nothing in it—nothing indeed; I've forgotten all that ages ago."

"But I have not," replied John Wardlaw, eagerly, "I have thought of it often as I lay here. Cornicott. I'm cured. Don't look unbelieving; I am, upon my word. I've been worse than a fool, and the discovery was too great a shock for my system, but the fever's taken it out of me—body and soul. What will you bet me it hasn't? I've been lying here thinking of nothing else for the last week, and thanking Heaven for my deliverance. It's truth, Cornicott. If I could make Rowena my wife this moment, I wouldn't do it for the world. I suppose you know that she played me false and married my brother; but I'm thankful for it now. He may have her and welcome, for aught that my heart is concerned in the matter. I'm a free man once more, and all I have to do is to get well and go on with art again—our art, eh, Cornicott?"

The elder man grasped hands with him firmly. "Wardlaw," he exclaimed, "my dear fellow, is this really true? I don't know when I've heard anything that gave me so much delight; I have never ceased blaming myself for the unlucky chance which made me the medium of introduction between you; but you are sure that it is all right again now—that there is no harm done?"

"None whatever, my dear Cornicott; on the contrary, a deal of experience gained which I shall not again forget in a hurry. Call up the dear old sister, do, and let us have some tea, for I'm devilish hungry. No, Miss Hurst, I didn't mean that," he continued, with a ghastly laugh, as she suddenly appeared in the doorway. "I meant that I think I should like some bread-and-butter, or anything else which my two tyrants, you and the doctor, will allow me to swallow; and, Cornicott, do stay and see me eat it; and oh, my dear fellow, I am so glad to meet you again!"

And, weakened as he was by his severe illness, and hardly knowing whether to laugh or cry at the knowledge of his great deliverance, and the reunion with his honest friend, John Wardlaw, like many another brave fellow, under the same circumstances, chose the latter alternative, and turning over in bed, buried his shamed face in the recesses of his pillows, and let no one bear witness to his gratitude but himself and his God.

CHAPTER XXX.

SIX MONTHS AFTERWARDS.

Among all living creatures, more or less,
Change still doth reign and keep the greater sway. SPENSER.

CHANGE has been said to be the only thing which is constant; mutability the immutable law of the universe; and when the change is for the better it is a mandate which no one regrets to see enforced. Six months have passed over the head of our hero since we saw him last. The dark, cold days of winter have been succeeded by the genial spring, and the miserable doubt and depression which then reigned paramount in his breast, have been replaced by a feeling which, if not happiness, is the best imitation we possess of it below—indifference to pain. Then he was lying on a bed of sickness, prostrated alike in mind and body by the effects which the cruel wrong he had sustained had wrought upon his mental and physical organisation. Now he stood erect and well again, strengthened both inwardly and outwardly by the trial he had gone through, and able to take once more a keen interest in the life which surrounded him, and quite apart from that past life which had been a source of so much humiliation and pain. He had not forgotten it. There are some wounds, received in our tussle with the world, which it is impossible we should ever forget. They are written in words of fire upon the tablets of our hearts, and the branded letters stare us in the face until we are clothed with immortality. The remembrance of them gives us no pain, perhaps; the very spot where the barbed arrow hit the flesh, and which was so tender for years afterwards that we shuddered at the mere idea of its being touched, has been hardened with the impress of Time's finger; and the archer himself might lay his hand there, and feel no increase of palpitation in the pulse beneath it. Yet the scar remains; and though we use it only as a beacon to direct our future steps, as a warning and a finger-post on life's journey, it still is there, and whilst we have memories we must remember. John Wardlaw's hurt was healed, and most effectually. The sharp agony with which the sudden knowledge of his betrayal had struck him had died away even in his remembrance, or if he recalled it, it was but to wonder that he could have been so void of understanding as to waste such an amount of regret upon the loss of a love which had never existed for him, or of a woman whose heartlessness equalled his own delusion. From the first moment that he had met Rowena Bellew to the last interview he had beheld her as such, his great passion had blinded him to the fact that the love of which it should be the crowning glory alone, was not there at all. It has been impressed upon the reader more than once that the feeling he had entertained

for this woman was not the true metal; that it was a base imitation, which his boyish and inexperienced heart mistook for such. He had been ready for many a month now to acknowledge the truth of this assertion himself.

He knew that it was her uncommon beauty which had allured his taste to such a degree, that in his mad desire for its possession he had given himself credit for what he really never entertained—a true and loyal love for her inward qualities. Where were they? He had seen her on the occasion of her marriage with his brother, metaphorically stripped—her beauty was then another's, and her heart (if she had a heart) belonged to herself alone. If she had kept true to him and become his wife, John Wardlaw would doubtless, in the generosity of his own nature, have made the best of his bargain, and striven to be a good husband to her; but since she had chosen her own lot, he had been enabled, long before this time, to thank Heaven with sincerity that he had been delivered from the snare. From the day which had seen her Leofric Temple's wife the cure had commenced to work. What was her beauty to him then? He still acknowledged that it was great, but he had learned to look upon it with the same indifference that had astonished him at first to see in others; to scan it as he would have scanned the perfections of a statue, or a lovely painting; to measure it as he would have measured the requisite qualifications for a paid model, who would sit to him any day for half-a-crown an hour. He often thought of his brother's wife; oftener, indeed, than was agreeable to him; for she was constantly intruding herself upon his notice by means of her letters. Not long after her marriage the 88th Regiment had been removed from Maidstone to Hounslow, as John Wardlaw had ascertained through his sister Alice and the public papers; and soon after he had received, to his great surprise, his first communication from Mrs. Temple. In it she had alluded to their former connection with a studied pathos which had utterly failed to make the nerves of her correspondent flutter, and, hinting at pecuniary and domestic grievances, had asked him to go and see her at Hounslow. But this he had refused to do. In his heart of hearts he had come to thank Rowena Temple for the treacherous trick she had played him, and he cared too little for her now not to forgive it also; but the words in which he had addressed his half-brother, on the occasion of his last meeting with him, had been true ones, and he would not take them back again. He could pardon the woman who had left him, but he could not pardon the man who had stolen her, nor accept the fact of her worthlessness as any excuse for his. He had said that he would not meet Leofric Temple in fellowship again, and he had kept to his word. Several letters from his sister-in-law had followed the first, which, having been successful as far as the application in it for money was concerned, was not likely, by such a person as Rowena Temple, to be allowed to remain the only specimen of its class, and she had never received a refusal yet from her former lover; but the letters had been pretty frequent of late, and John Wardlaw had begun seriously to consider in what terms he should break to her the unpleasant necessity that he had for putting a stop to these constant drains upon his income. Hitherto he had managed to oblige her by drawing upon the principal of his money, for it was not to be supposed that out of a hundred pounds a-year the young artist could find any surplus wherewith to satisfy the demands of needy relatives. But Mrs. Temple's letters had been written in so urgent a strain, there had been a tremendous "Private" at the top of each sheet of paper, and such plain hints that the loan (of course it was always asked as "a loan") was to defray some of her own particular expenses, and for which she never received anything at her husband's hands, that John Wardlaw, being very soft-hearted when women were concerned, and well aware of the stinginess which was the pervading trait of his half-brother's character, had never yet had the courage to write and tell her that he could not accede to her request, knowing that he had several thousand pounds safely lodged in Consols for his own use and benefit.

But he had been looking at his banker's book lately, and on the morning in June, when we met him again, wore rather a grave countenance, as he held another begging letter from Hounslow in his hand, and thought over the feasibility of his complying with the demand contained in it, which was a larger sum than Mrs. Temple had ever ventured to ask for before—the loan of £200. "I wish you would come and see me, dear Wardlaw," the letter ran, "and then I could speak to you about it. Leofric is in Scotland on a fortnight's leave with Captain Ferrars, and there are claims being pressed upon me here which I am unable to meet, and I am terrified at being left to contend with his creditors alone. Do come over to-morrow, or next day, and I will explain matters more fully to you. However painful the interview may be to me, remembering as vividly as I do the dear days when —"

Here the reader, with a contemptuous curl of the lip, crushed the letter in his hand and would read no further.

"Perhaps I had better go," he thought to himself, "I shall then see if there is really any foundation for these constant complaints of poverty on her part; and I may be able to make her understand, that, as far as I am concerned, they must cease, for the plain truth is that I can't afford to lend her any more."

It was the plain truth, for John Wardlaw had already, during the last six months, spent a large portion of his grandmother's legacy. He was not a spendthrift, but neither was he a very prudent man: with his small heritage if he had been the first, he never could have paid his debts; if the second, he could scarcely have kept up the appearance of a gentleman. He had progressed wonderfully in his profession during the past winter season; and, knowing that he who ventures nothing gains nothing, had not considered himself doing a foolish act in expending part of his principal for the furtherance of the art in which he bid fair to excel. But the accomplishment of the object he had in view had been the means of his incurring various expenses, the likelihood of which had never struck him at the time that he embarked in the undertaking.

In the first place, he had left his dingy little lodgings in Princes' Street, and was now in the occupation of two rooms farther west, which, though small, were light, clean, and well furnished. This move had been made in order to enable him with the greater facility to prosecute his studies under the tuition of one of the first masters of the day, who, having met our hero by accident and seen some of his paintings, had assured him that his talents might as well be buried as attempt to flourish in the purlieus of Westminster. Matterby's academy, therefore, had passed away as a dream; it had shifted, like the other scenes, in the changing phantasmagoria of his life; and nothing now remained to remind him of the dark belongings of six months ago excepting an occasional visit from Tom Cornicott, who was always received with the heartiest of welcomes and dismissed with the heartiest of farewells. The lessons from the celebrated painter had been of all the value to our hero that he had anticipated, and, so far, his money, under the circumstances, could not have been better laid out; but his west-end lodgings and his budding celebrity had launched him into an atmosphere of greater gaiety than he had ever anticipated, and the indulgence in which led him into a great deal of expense. John Wardlaw was not a man who could go about contentedly in society in a shabby coat and boots, or even in an old-fashioned coat or twice-worn gloves. He was a gentleman, and had been brought up, notwithstanding his poverty, with the ideas of a gentleman; and he was sincere when he said to himself that he would rather never enter society at all than go worse dressed than other men. If need be, he could have kept at home altogether, and contentedly; but he would not mix in the world, giving it occasion to make stinging remarks on the unremunerative qualities of the profession he followed.

But fashionable clothes from fashionable tailors, and faultless gloves and boots, to say nothing of button-hole flowers from Solomon's at half-a-crown a bud, run away with a good deal of money, and before John Wardlaw was hardly aware of the fact he found that, with all his economy, he had spent about three years' income in twice as many months.

His name, too, was just beginning to be noticed, which drop of fame had been the cause in itself of a considerable outlay on his part, in attending the gaieties to which he found himself invited, and returning the civilities of the bachelors of his acquaintance. Backed by the encouragement of his master, he had ventured to send a picture to the Royal Academy that year, and, to the young artist's great astonishment and joy, it had been accepted. It was but a small thing in itself—merely a sketch of two winged female figures floating in mid-air, and entitled, "The Angels of Life and Death"—but it had been fortunate enough to be hung well, and the beauty of the faces had attracted attention, and the artist's name had got about, and the consequence was that John Wardlaw awoke one morning to find himself (as far as receiving more invitations than he cared to accept was concerned) famous. But the chief friend he had made, through the means of his lucky little picture, promised to be a very powerful one to him, being no less a personage than Sir Edward Home, of Home Park, Surrey—one of the members for the county, and a known patron of the high arts.

He was the same Edward Home who, as a beardless ensign, had befriended John Wardlaw's mother in her distress at her child's danger; and was mentioned afterwards as having married an heiress and retired from the army. Eventually he had succeeded to the baronetcy through the death of an uncle, and was now one of the most popular men about town; always ready to further any scheme that might conduce to the happiness of the people; a discriminating and gene-

rous patron to the whole brotherhood of artists; and one of the heartiest and best-natured hosts that ever sat at the head of his own table, and pledged his guests in wine with which no fault could be found by the most fastidious of *bon-vivants*.

His wife was still alive, and he had a large family of children, his eldest daughters being already out in society. It was his yearly custom to bring them all up to town for the season, and having seen John Wardlaw's name in the Academy list, he had lost no time in seeking the young man out; and, introducing himself on the score of having known him as a baby, had made our hero welcome in his family circle, and given him a general invitation to his house.

As John Wardlaw still stood with Rowena Temple's letter in his hand, the baronet's already familiar knock was heard, and the next minute he was in the room, shaking hands heartily with his new-made friend.

Sir Edward was at this time a man of about two or three-and-forty, but looking very much younger, and just as often mistaken for the elder brother of the girls he danced attendance upon with so much good humour, night after night, at concert, opera, or ball, as anything else. In appearance he was fair and ruddy, with mirthful blue eyes, and a clean-shaven face, and the possessor of the heartiest laugh possible to man. But at the same time he could be serious when occasion called for it. John Wardlaw had only renewed his acquaintanceship with him for about a month, but the sincerity in Sir Edward Home's voice, when he had made protestations of friendship to him, and the deep, feeling manner in which he had spoken of his dead mother, and her domestic trials, had found its way to his hearer's heart, and made him feel as if he had been intimate with him all his life.

After a little, John Wardlaw had commenced to speak freely to his mother's friend of the troubles of his own life, of the reason he lived in so solitary a manner and never visited his home, of his father's second marriage, and the character of his step-mother.

By and by such talk would lead round to the subject of Leofric Temple, and then John Wardlaw, with a kindling eye, would briefly confess the indifference he felt towards his half-brother, but nothing more. No hint of the past history of his own heart, not a suspicion that the woman who bore his brother's name had been more to him than an acquaintance, not a word against Leofric Temple's honour ever passed the lips of John Wardlaw. For the opinion entertained by the world for the son of his step-mother he cared little, but a woman's good name was concerned in keeping the secret; and in this, as in all other things, John Wardlaw was a gentleman. Having once forgiven her for what she had done to injure himself, there was no place in his nature small enough for the petty spite which could take pleasure in calling upon others to join him in condemning her conduct.

Indeed, he scarcely remembered her now, except as his brother's wife. He had learned to think of her as nothing else.

As Sir Edward Home entered his apartment that morning he was surprised to see the perturbed expression (so seldom seen now on John Wardlaw's countenance) which visibly pervaded his features, and he noticed it at once.

"Why, Wardlaw, what's gone wrong? No enterprising lover of art poked a hole through the 'Two Angels'—eh? You should have heard what Sir Wilfred Whistle and others of the Forty said about it at dinner last night. It was said to be about the best bit that's ever appeared as a first attempt."

John Wardlaw coloured with pleasure.

"I'm very glad of it, Sir Edward," he said. "No! the 'Angels' are intact for aught I know to the contrary, and it was nothing concerning them that was worrying me just now."

"Family matters?" demanded his visitor, who had guessed from the unsociable terms on which the half-brothers lived that all was not as it should be between John Wardlaw and Leofric Temple.

"Partly!" was the answer. "But I've news for you, Sir Edward. I've sold my picture."

"Not the 'Angels'?" exclaimed Sir Edward, slapping his knees.

"Yes, the 'Angels,'" rejoined John Wardlaw, laughing; "and for the marked price, five-and-twenty pounds."

"I would have given you double for them," said his friend, with evident vexation.

"They were not worth more," said John Wardlaw, candidly. "However, if you had spoken, I should have been proud to let you have them at any price."

"But who was to guess that a crumb like that, from the great feast, would be whipped up in no time; and a first attempt too. Upon my word, Mr. Wardlaw, you are getting on."

"It's only bought by a friend," said the artist, depreciatingly; "and so my modesty forces me to ascribe my good fortune more to his benevolence than to my own deserts."

"Who is the purchaser?"
 "Mr. Stuart, of Castlemaine, in Kent."
 "Never heard of him," replied Sir Edward Home.
 "He's the rector of my parish, and has known me from a boy."

"Well; I should be very glad to take his bargain off his hands," said the Baronet, "whoever he may be; and I am very sorry to think that I was not first in the field. By the bye, Wardlaw, you will dine with us to-day."

"I can't, thank you," replied the young man; "I am engaged, or should have been delighted."

"Just like my luck again!" exclaimed Sir Edward.

"Why, I've got three R.A.'s to dinner, and came over on purpose to ask you to join us."

"I'm very sorry, Sir Edward; but it is really out of the question."

"Can't you put off your engagement?"

John Wardlaw shook his head.

"Who do you dine with?" said the Baronet impetuously.

"With Mr. Stuart; the friend who has bought my picture. He is in town for the season, at least his family are; and he runs up whenever he can."

"Mr. Stuart," exclaimed Sir Edward, good-naturedly; "he's always in my way. Of whom does this family consist?"

"His wife and daughter, and a nephew."

"Oh! there's a daughter in the question, is there?"

John Wardlaw coloured to the roots of his hair.

"Miss Stuart is engaged to be married, Sir Edward," he replied; "and has been so, for some time."

"All engagements are not so difficult to break as dinner ones," said his friend, lightly.

But this was a phase of the question that the young artist did not appear desirous of pursuing, and after a few minutes of useless expostulation, which ended in his company being secured for the next evening, Sir Edward Home took his leave. Then John Wardlaw, putting aside the letter from Hounslow until he could consult Mr. Stuart on the course he should follow regarding it, applied himself vigorously to the painting he had in hand, and worked hard until late in the afternoon. Ever since the termination of the unfortunate business of the year before, he had continued on a footing of the greatest intimacy with his old friends at Castlemaine. Mr. Stuart had maintained a regular and frequent correspondence with him; he had been up to town several times for the purpose of seeing him alone; and John Wardlaw had received two or three invitations to go down and stay with them at Sutton Valence, but hitherto he had been steadfast in refusing all such overtures. Now, however, that the 88th were removed to Hounslow, and the summer was coming on again, he began seriously to think of revisiting his old home, in the character of a guest at Castlemaine, as soon as its owners should have returned to it; particularly as his step-mother had been resolute in refusing to let him have the company of his sister Alice in London for even a few days.

Mr. Stuart had taken a house at Kensington for the season for the accommodation of his family, and was with them as much as his parish duties would permit him to be; and John Wardlaw, of whose escort (her nephew not being a very dashing cavalier) Mrs. Stuart was generally glad to avail herself, had been in the habit, since their arrival, of spending every spare moment he could in their company.

At the hour appointed for dinner, on the day in question, he presented himself at Kensington, and found, to his great satisfaction, that he had been told off by the mistress of the house to take her daughter down to dinner.

He had never forgotten the conversation that he had with Henrietta Stuart on the day that he left Sutton Valence. It had lingered in his memory long after the occasion which had given it birth had died an ignominious death. The tones of her full rich voice; the glance of her earnest liquid eyes; the tremulous motion of her nervous lips as she attempted to administer to him the comfort she did not feel justified in giving; above all, the brief look of agony which had flitted across her face when she burst into that sudden storm of tears, had haunted him for many and many a day after. He had had several confidential conversations with her since, and one or two serious ones; but he had never ventured to remind her of that parting interview except by a glance, perhaps, when the subject under discussion bore upon the mutual memory: a glance which he knew that she understood as well in the reception as he did in the bestowal. He had never ventured either to allude to that secret source of unhappiness which she had half confessed to; although the general gravity of her demeanour, so different to what he had ever been accustomed to attribute to the light-hearted heiress in days gone by, made him suspect that the source of her discontent, whatever it might be, had grown instead of diminishing with the interval of time that had effected his own cure. He could not help, in his mind, connecting her

sorrow with her engagement to her cousin, and in consequence he hated poor Martin Stuart with a vindictiveness quite uncalled for by the behaviour of that retiring individual, and voting him an "ugly, undersized little monkey, and half an idiot into the bargain," wondered what on earth could have induced such a fine creature as Henrietta Stuart to promise herself in marriage to a man like her cousin. And many others besides John Wardlaw expressed their astonishment at the same circumstance, who, like himself, did not know by how many hidden acts of kindness and generosity, and by how much humble mention of his own merits and silent worship of his future wife, Martin Stuart rendered it almost impossible (the fatal step once taken) for his cousin Henrietta to break through her engagement with him. Else there were moments when the yoke she had accepted, lightly though it was laid upon her, was almost too heavy for the shoulders which supported it.

There were moments, and especially of late, when she felt as though (notwithstanding the hopelessness of her own happiness) she must rush to her father and tell him that the path she had chalked out for herself she could never tread. But after every impulse of the sort a little reflection brought to her mind (as it had on a former occasion) the remembrance of all the pain she must inflict by such a proceeding, and for what? Not for immunity from suffering herself; for the displeasure of her father and mother, and the sad looks of poor Martin, who, notwithstanding his inability to shine like other lovers, worshipped the very ground she trod on, would haunt her, she knew well, both day and night, and destroy all chance of happiness for her. She had two evils to choose from, and she clung to what was the least for her; and she felt she was brave enough to bear anything which descended on herself alone. But still she had her times of trial; hours when she stood face to face with the enemy; when she bore her sharp pain, as the Spartan boy bore the rending of his entrails, without a cry, or even a look, to denote that she was wounded. When she sat through a whole dinner by the side of John Wardlaw, as now, or was fain (from want of a feasible excuse) to accept his invitations to dance or to walk—passing through the ordeals, first under the sensation of a feverish heat, and next of a sickening chill, and yet smiling and talking, giving commonplace answers to commonplace questions, and finally leaving the presence of the only man who had the power to make life worth living for, with a cheerful, unstudied air, and a simple handshake. She went daily, at this period of her existence, through refined tortures, of which the strong heart beside her had never felt the half, and yet he perceived nothing peculiarly strange in her demeanour—nothing but an occasional slight constraint which she would suddenly put upon her manner as if she were afraid to trust herself any longer in friendly intercourse with him. On this evening she was unusually silent and reserved, and John Wardlaw attempted to get up a private conversation with her in vain. He had had some thoughts of asking her advice on the subject of the Hounslow business, but her evident reluctance to approach one topic of the past disconcerted him. He did venture once to say—

"Where do you think I am going to-morrow, Pussy?"

Of course she said that she *couldn't* think.

"Guess."

But Miss Stuart avowed her general inability to guess anything.

"To Hounslow; at least, if your father advises me to do so," said John Wardlaw at last.

She coloured, but asked "What for?" which question took her companion rather at a disadvantage, as he did not wish to betray Mrs. Temple's begging propensities to Miss Stuart; so he answered,

"Only to see Mrs. Temple; she wrote and asked me to do so."

"Oh!" said Miss Stuart.

"I tell it you to convince you that my cure is effectual," he whispered. "I should not think of meeting her otherwise."

"You had better not be too sure till you have done so," she replied, quietly.

He bit his lip and made no answer. He did not like having his perceptive qualities doubted, and yet he had no proofs to advance of his statement except the evidence of his own feelings. Henrietta Stuart was visibly annoyed by his intention; perhaps she thought him weak and foolish to run his head again into a noose from which he had been freed at so large a cost. And though she was mistaken, he could not forgive her all at once for entertaining the suspicion of him. She, on the contrary, was only trembling, woman-like, at the notion of his again encountering, apparently for mere bravado, the dangerous fascinations of Rowena Temple. He was not hers, but she loved him, and she could not bear that he should belong to anyone else; and, although she would

have staked her own honour upon his, she felt jealous that he should care even to visit his brother's wife.

And so these two, usually such good company, proved very sorry amusement for one another on the night in question.

After the ladies had retired, John Wardlaw obtained a few minutes' conversation with Mr. Stuart, and asked his opinion on the matter. His host was disposed to view the proposed proceeding in a very different light to what his daughter had. When a man looked him in the face, as John Wardlaw did, and said honestly, "I care no more for her now, sir, than I do for that woman passing in the street," Mr. Stuart knew that the disease had died out, and that there was no dissembling in the matter. And he knew, moreover, that for such a character as that of Rowena Temple love, once dead, no power on earth could raise again. It had been like the seed sown upon a rock, which, springing up without root, withers away, and can never be revived. And so, when John Wardlaw had concluded his story, Mr. Stuart told him to go to Hounslow by all manner of means, and tell his sister-in-law definitely that after this once he could not help her again.

"You are not justified in doing it, John," he said, seriously. "Your own gains will be at the best precarious, and you may never be able to make up this deficiency in your principal. You will want to take a wife yourself some day."

John Wardlaw smiled.

"I don't think that reason would tempt me to keep it, Sir; I fancy I've done with women for awhile. But if I don't make a stand some time against her demands I shall never be able to put a stop to them."

"Certainly not; go, Jack, most decidedly, tell Mrs. Temple the truth, and come and dine with us on your return."

"I can't, Sir, I'm engaged to Sir Edward Home."

"What a gay fellow you are!" exclaimed the rector, laughing; "why, you'll never put up with our doings at Castlemaine after all this."

"Don't you think so?" said John Wardlaw, rising; "try me, Mr. Stuart, that's all."

"Why! where are you off to now?"

"I am going to one of Mrs. White's *soides dantes*, and, after that, to a supper at Laura Tredman's; so I don't think I must wait until you join the ladies. Please make my farewell to Mrs. Stuart and Pussy."

"All right, you rascal!" cried the genial voice of the rector as John Wardlaw, receiving a hearty shake of the hand, left his hospitable board.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE COTTAGE AT HOUNSLOW.

I do confess thou'rt sweet, but find
 Thee such an untrist of thy sweets;
 Thy favours are but as the wind
 That kisseth everything it meets;
 And since thou canst with more than one,
 Thou'rt worthy to be loved by none.

HERRICK.

The next morning he left his painting to look after itself, and, quitting London by an early train, reached Hounslow soon after eleven o'clock. The Temples were not living in regimental quarters, as he had ascertained from his sister-in-law's letters; but Belvidere Cottage—which was the high-sounding title of their place of residence—appeared to be so well known that he had no difficulty in tracing their whereabouts. It was a pretty little house standing in a tiny garden, but as he came in sight of it he wished that it had not so forcibly reminded him of certain questionable-looking villas in the suburbs of London, whose inmates, like themselves, are all built after the same pattern. There was a familiar look about the profusion of flowers and birds which adorned the verandah of Belvidere Cottage; an appearance given by the red and white striped sun-blinds which shaded the open windows, and the lace curtains drawn so carefully across to conceal the interior of the rooms, which was apt to strike the mind of a man living in town with an unpleasant comparison. However, all suburban villas are objectionable on that very account, and, perhaps, there was not much choice of houses in Hounslow for an in-coming regiment. Early as the hour was, Mrs. Temple was evidently not alone, for the confused murmur of voices which was distinguishable from the little garden; and as John Wardlaw approached the hall door he felt annoyed to think that, after all, his journey, so far as regarded speaking to her upon private matters, might be thrown away. His knock was answered by a man-servant, a soldier undoubtedly, from the stiff manner in which he held himself and filled up the narrow passage, and the want of polish with which he received the demand made for his mistress. On being asked if Mrs. Temple was at home, he at first hesitated, but finally confessing that she was, said that he would go and ascertain if she could see anyone, and mounting the staircase, every

step of which creaked and groaned beneath his ponderous weight, left John Wardlaw standing in the passage below.

As the door of the drawing-room above was opened, he heard a man's voice, in a coarse tone, exclaim—

"By George, Rowney, that's a good one!" and the loud laughter which followed the sally was joined in by so many, that the servant evidently tried more than once to make his mistress understand the message he had to deliver.

"Do be quiet, Lord Charles!" he then distinctly heard in the well-known unsympathetic tones of Mrs. Temple; "I can't possibly hear what Simpson says."

There was a sudden lull, and the servant repeated—"A gentleman, ma'am—Mr. Wardlaw—wants to see you."

"Where?" exclaimed Mrs. Temple; "not here?"

"In the passage, ma'am."

"Good heavens!"

"I'll bolt," said a third voice, decidedly, and "Stay where you are" came just as decidedly in the tones of his brother's wife.

"Tell Mr. Wardlaw," she added to the servant, "that I shall be happy to receive him;" and then there was a long "H—ssh!" from some of her friends, and the reproof "Don't be so foolish, Stanley!" issued from her lips.

John Wardlaw obeyed the summons at once, and followed the man-servant upstairs, necessarily prepared for the sort of scene he should encounter there.

He had not misled himself. As he entered the little drawing-room, which was a mass of pink and white, and redolent of the fumes of scented flowers, "jockey-club bouquet," and hot coffee, he saw Mrs. Temple reclining languidly in an arm chair, a small table with her breakfast apparatus placed beside her, while five men, apparently officers of the regiment, were lounging in various attitudes about the ottomans and couches with which the apartment was crowded. Two of them, it is true, were nothing but beardless boys, but the other three, to judge from the growth of their whiskers and moustachios, must have been men of some standing in the army; and each one appeared to be completely at home in Belvidere Cottage. Mrs. Temple herself seemed little changed from the time when he had parted with her. Indeed, to see her lying back in her easy chair, robed in a clear white muslin wrapper, through which (the under-bodice being cut lower than would have been permitted in any ball-dress) her marble breast and shoulders positively gleamed in their snowy whiteness, with her dark hair tied off her face with a rose-coloured ribbon, and the slightest suggestion of artificial colour laid skilfully upon her cheeks, he could, except for his own feelings, have fancied himself once more in Princes Street worshipping, as in olden times, at the feet of Miss Bellew, of the King's Theatre, Westminster.

She half rose as he entered, and held out her hand with the most affected of smiles.

"My dear Wardlaw," she exclaimed, "I hardly expected you so early. Have you breakfasted?"

She spoke as coolly as if the eyes which encountered her own had never gleamed with passion upon her, as if her visitor and she had never met each other at Longford's in the Strand, as if the very name she bore had not purchased for her with an I O U for five hundred pounds. But he was as collected as herself.

"Long ago," he replied. "Busy people cannot afford to keep such late hours as these, Mrs. Temple."

"No?" with a smile that intimated that she had scarcely heard what had passed, and then she said, rather hastily, "this is my brother, Lord Charles. My dear Wardlaw," she added, returning to our hero, "these gentlemen all belong to the old 88th—Lord Charles Tavistock, Captain Mervyn, Captain Foster, Mr. Stanley, and Mr. Vickers. Why, where are Stanley and Vickers gone?" she exclaimed, as she looked in vain for the two boys, who had slipped out of the doorway as soon as John Wardlaw had entered it. "Have they left?—and are you going too, Sir Charles?—what? and all of you?" she continued, as a general move was evidently in contemplation. "You silly creatures! why, what do you think Wardlaw and I want a private interview for? You don't suppose he's going to be such a ruffian as to make love to his brother's wife?"

This she said with an assumption of mirth, and yet with a laugh (considering the relation in which they had stood to each other only the year before) so utterly heartless, that it sickened John Wardlaw to hear her; and he could not make answer to it; he could do no more than stand silently indignant whilst the fast-looking men, whom she had been entertaining with various familiar forms of farewell, such as "ta-ta," "au revoir," and mock bows, filed out of the room one after another, and left him alone with Rowena Temple.

They had had the wit to guess that they were *de trop*, and that, as Mrs. Temple's brother-in-law (whom she had described to them as a horribly stingy fellow who

had the management of some of her money affairs) had so unexpectedly chosen the morning for his visit, they had better defer theirs until the afternoon or evening.

As the last of them disappeared, and Mrs. Temple resumed her seat, John Wardlaw took a chair opposite to her, and for a minute they looked each other in the face.

Then her eyelids drooped, and she commenced to play with the ribbon which confined her waist.

"And so we have met again, Wardlaw," she said, almost nervously. "I really thought it was never going to be, and that I was altogether too bad for you to speak to. I suppose you received my note?"

"Yes, of course I did," he replied, "or I should not have been here. I suppose we had better go to business at once. The sum you ask me for is a very large one."

"Only two hundred pounds," she said, opening her eyes.

"Only two years' income for me," he replied. "You forget how poor I am. My father still draws the allowance that I made him."

"But you are spending a great deal more than that, Wardlaw," she persisted. "I hear that you have rooms in Conduit Street, are studying under one of the first masters in town, and are out night after night, and at the most fashionable houses. That must all cost you money."

"So it does," he answered frankly, "more sometimes than I can at present afford. But I do not consider it money thrown away, Mrs. Temple. My profession is to be my living; and anything which advances me in it will, I hope, eventually repay me fourfold. But for that, and for the sums I have lent you, I have had to draw largely on my principal, and I must refrain from doing so any more; I must, indeed. It is very painful for me to have to refuse you, but your husband is the proper person for you to apply to for money."

"You know how much he is likely to give me," she said, pouting. "Why, his lieutenant's pay is not a hundred and fifty a year, and he drinks and smokes that away himself in half the time. I declare I've never received a pound from him for my private expenses since I was married; and now that I am alone, the quarter's bills are pouring in upon me, and I have nothing to meet them with."

"Have you written to your husband on the subject?"

"Yes, dozens of times; and the only answer I get is, 'Tell them they must wait;' but they won't wait any longer; and they come here and bully me for the money, and frighten me with their language."

"I cannot say I like paying Temple's just debts," said John Wardlaw, briefly. "I thought, when you wrote to me, that you wanted it to defray expenses of your own."

"They are partly mine," she answered; "there are milliners' bills amongst the rest. Won't you lend it me, Wardlaw?" she added, with an entreating air.

"Do you know how much money I have given you during the last four months, Mrs. Temple?"

He utterly ignored the idea of its having been *lent*.

"Dear me, no!" she said, affectedly; "I should never think of keeping an account of anything so unpleasant."

"I have been less fastidious," he replied; "it has been over five hundred pounds already."

"Nonsense!" she exclaimed, incredulously.

"It has indeed," he answered; "and I am too poor to continue to lend at that rate. As it is, I am afraid I shall be compelled to withdraw part of my father's allowance, and that will be a very disagreeable thing for me to do. And if I had not wished to explain so much to you, and thought I could enforce its truth better by word of mouth than letter, I should not have been here to-day."

"Oh! don't say that, Wardlaw," she replied; "I hope, now that you have come once, that you will come often."

"I don't think I shall," he said, curtly.

"Then do you mean to say that you *really* won't lend me the two hundred?" she continued, nothing disconcerted; "because as to *can't*, that's all nonsense, I know. Are you going to be so cruel as to leave me here alone, and exposed to every insult that low tradesmen choose to force upon me?" And Mrs. Temple bit her lip, and casting her melancholy eyes upwards, acted the timid and wounded female to perfection.

But her machinations had no effect upon her visitor. "You seem to have plenty of friends," he answered coldly.

"I have none like *you*," she said plaintively.

He was just about to remark that she should have thought of that some time ago, but he felt that she was even beneath his sarcasm, so he substituted—

"If I give you this money, will you guarantee that it shall be the last appeal you make to me on the subject? It is painful to me to have to refuse a lady anything, and particularly pecuniary assistance, but it is only in justice to myself and my family that I am

obliged to do so. You made your own choice in marriage, remember; and it is only fair that if anyone is to suffer the inconvenience of it, your husband should be the person."

"Ah! I wish I had never made my own choice, Wardlaw," she said, with assumed pathos, as she cast her eyes upon him. "It has been a bitter day for me that I did so. His stinginess, and selfishness, and extravagance are so great, that I have had little peace, or anything else, fall to my share of the bargain."

"It is too late to speak of that now," he returned. "Let us finish our business together. I will write you a cheque for the amount, which is lying at my banker's, if you will promise me that it shall be the last time you ask me to send you money."

"You dear Wardlaw!" she exclaimed. "Yes! certainly I will promise. Do you think I would have troubled you now without any reason? What a load you have taken off my mind!" she added, as he drew out his cheque-book, and signing his name to the sum she wanted, threw the paper across the table to her.

"I am glad that it has the power to lighten your troubles," he replied gravely; "and now, Mrs. Temple, as I have said all that I came to say to you, I shall take my leave."

"Oh, don't go yet," she said, detaining the hand he offered for her acceptance. "I have not said half that I wanted to say to you. I have not thanked you yet for your generosity."

"I want no thanks," he replied, trying to free his hand from her grasp, but in vain.

"Why are you so cold to me?" she asked, reproachfully. "Why don't you call me 'Rowney?'"

"Because I shall never call you so again," said John Wardlaw, with contracted eyebrows. "I should think you might have saved me that question, Mrs. Temple."

"You *used* to," she murmured, throwing her sleepy glance upwards to meet his. "You used to call me all sorts of names in the days when you pretended to love me, Wardlaw."

He frowned visibly.

"I wish you would let me go, Mrs. Temple," he said, decisively. "I only came here to settle your demands for money, and without any intention of helping you to dig up old recollections that were dead and buried ages ago."

"Are you not willing to be my friend even?" she asked.

He shook his head.

"I have heard too much, and seen too much of your goings on, to make me wish to be even a friend at Belvidere Cottage."

"What do you mean?" she said hastily.

"Just what I say," he replied. "I heard some time ago that your conduct since your marriage had been sufficient to make a less careless husband than yours very uneasy, and what I witnessed on entering this morning was quite enough to convince me that my informant was correct in his assertion."

"What you witnessed!" she repeated, sharply.

"Yes! Mrs. Temple," he replied; "a wife, so young as yourself, and so lately married, who entertains the officers of her husband's regiment during his absence at such hours, and permits them to call her by her familiar name, and behave in her drawing-room as if they were in their own barracks, must expect to be talked about, and what's more, must wish it."

"You were always so absurdly particular," she said in an offended tone.

"Not too much so for the character of any woman whom I valued; certainly not more so than any woman should be of her own."

"Well, I never could please you in anything, Wardlaw, in days past, and I suppose it would be the same now. If I *am* a little given to liking society round me, it is only to divert my mind, and to try and make myself forget what I lost when I was persuaded by your brother, in a moment of madness, to exchange you for himself."

Mrs. Temple threw as much pathos into these words as her hard inflexible voice was capable of. She leant back in her lounging-chair and put her cambric handkerchief to her eyes; and she looked as lovely, if not lovelier, than she had done in the days when John Wardlaw used to gaze at her, in her most unpleasant moods, as if she was an angel from heaven. Knowing of old what an actress she was, our hero had anticipated some such attempt at working on his feelings on her part, and, truth to say, he had been rather fearful of the effect any such scene might have upon him. He believed himself to be completely cured, but Henrietta Stuart had warned him not to make too certain until he had passed through the ordeal, and she had a little shaken his faith in himself. Now, however, as Mrs. Temple enacted the bit of maddening recollection narrated above, he stood and looked at her beautiful figure and half-concealed face with the devoutest gratitude, as he felt how entirely she had lost all power to move him by her outward charms.

She was a lovely picture certainly, but she was acting a falsehood at that very moment, and he knew it.

"Your memory is hardly faithful to you, Mrs. Temple," he said quietly, "if you are alluding to the time when we were engaged. I never found fault with you then, excepting when there was a great occasion for it; and as for your being mad when you left me, depend upon it you were not half so mad as I was when I asked you to become my wife. We did not know enough of one another at that time; and that the bond we made together was broken has proved a very happy thing for both of us. I think we were scarcely suited to pass through life together."

"Oh, Wardlaw, I don't believe you ever loved me!" she exclaimed reproachfully.

"I don't believe I did," he replied, without the slightest emotion. "At one time your beauty had very great power over me though, and I mistook its influence for a holier one."

"Then you didn't care a bit about my leaving you?" she said, looking up to him with a woman's curiosity to mark what effect her words might have upon him.

He shuddered, and she saw it.

"Wardlaw!" she exclaimed, springing up from her chair, and putting her hand upon his arm, "you *do* care for me still, and you know it!"

But he put her away from him immediately.

"I do not indeed," he said firmly; "and if I did, to what purpose do you remind me of it? Haven't you committed sufficient treachery for one woman's share, or do you want to persuade me to act worse than you did yourself?"

She shrank apparently abashed before his words, and returned to her seat again; but directly she had gained it she threw her head in the air, in the old fashion he remembered so well, and said angrily—

"I know the reason of your giving yourself these airs. I can guess what is at the bottom of all your prudery: I suppose you've fallen in love with the beautiful Miss Stuart, beside whose rather dusky charms my poor insipid whiteness loses its effect. We have heard that you are always at their house. Well, you're rather fickle in your tastes, Mr. Wardlaw; but I hope you've found a wife good enough to satisfy you this time—to say nothing of a papa-in-law—and that you'll all live together in sainted piety till the end of your days. Perhaps I may hear of your prosperity, but of course I shan't have the opportunity of seeing it, as it is not likely that the parson will allow the virtuous Mrs. John Wardlaw to be on visiting terms with a *ci-devant* actress, although she should happen to be so unfortunate as to have one for a sister-in-law."

She had spoken so rapidly and with so much venom, and he had been so completely taken aback by her coupling his name with that of Henrietta Stuart, that for the first few minutes after she had concluded he could only stand, as he was standing, hat in hand, at the other side of the little table, and stare at her. Then, however, his indignation got the better of his surprise, and he said, almost as hurriedly and quite as angrily as herself—

"I took up my hat to go, Mrs. Temple, half-an-hour ago, and your present speech has made me think what a fool I was not to adhere to my first intention. It would be a waste of time in me to refute your most absurd accusation further than by reminding you that the lady whose name you have ventured to handle so freely is engaged to be married, and that *honourable women* are not in the habit of playing fast and loose with the men to whom they have pledged their word."

She tossed her head again at this, and said she knew quite as much about "honourable women" as he did, and perhaps a little more.

He did not stay to argue the point, but bidding her a hasty farewell, took his way down the narrow staircase again, and through the tiny garden, and did not seem to breathe freely until he had put some distance between himself and Belvidere Cottage.

His interview with Rowena Temple had only made him certain of what he had believed before; yet it was the signature of the great physician Time which had been wanting to the certificate of convalescence which he had drawn up for himself, and he could not feel sufficiently thankful for the assurance he had obtained.

She had always been heartless and deceitful; he was afraid now that she was graduating for a higher rank of wrong. The remembrance of the room, the dress, the attendant cavaliers, and all the belongings of Belvidere Cottage disgusted him; but far above this was his indignation when he recalled the way in which she had spoken of Henrietta Stuart.

He knew that it was the spiteful venom of a woman who found herself treated with indifference that had dictated the words, but still they rung in his ears, disturbed his equanimity, and would not let him rest.

It would be absurd indeed if others took the same view of the case, and considered his intimacy with the Stuarts as in the least arising from his admiration of their daughter.

Himself and Pussy Stuart! The playfellow of his

boyhood and the cast-off lover of Rowena Temple; the heiress of Castlemaine and the painter who hoped (and as yet only *hoped*) to live by his brush; the affianced wife of an honourable man and one who until now had wasted half his energies in bemoaning the loss of the woman who sat in Belvidere Cottage surrounded by her admirers.

The idea was too ridiculous; and as he thought of it, John Wardlaw laughed aloud.

He wondered from whom Mrs. Temple could have had her information, and whether people *really* could be such fools as to imagine, on account of their old friendship, that he was the least taken in that quarter.

It would annoy Pussy—and most naturally—if she heard of it, and it would certainly annoy himself.

Dear Pussy! with her sweet frank eyes, and her modest cheeks, he could fancy how they would glow under such an accusation.

If the world really noticed their intimacy, and unfavourably, he must be more careful how he behaved towards her in public; but the idea was too ludicrous to be entertained for a moment.

Himself and Pussy Stuart? Nonsense!

CHAPTER XXXII.

AN UNEXPECTED RETURN.

What sheeted ghost is wandering through the storm?
For never did a maid of middle earth
Choose such a time, or spot, to vent her sorrows.

Old Play.

THE news which Alice Wardlaw had sent her brother shortly after he left Sutton Valence for London, relative to Winifred Balchin having quitted her father's house and gone to service, and which communication, owing to his then self-abstracted and subsequent illness had been almost unnoticed by him, had not been passed over with like indifference by the inhabitants of the village she had deserted.

She had been born and brought up amongst them; had since her mother's death entirely filled the office of cook and housekeeper, then left vacant, to her father and brothers, and was, moreover, if not engaged to be married, at least supposed to be suffering the attentions of Andrew Willett, the eldest son and heir of the village blacksmith; a young man, who, already sharing the half of his father's profits, was considered to be the best match for any girl in Sutton Valence.

That Winifred Balchin should take it into her head to leave a comfortable home, and prospects such as their own daughters would have jumped at, completely puzzled the heads of these worthy people, and afforded them almost a more engrossing topic of conversation than the elopement of "Mr. John's lady" with "the young captain" had done.

For Winifred had disappeared before they were cognizant of any intention on her part to do so; had passed away from amongst them before they had been permitted to offer their advice on the subject, or called upon to try what their persuasion might effect in inducing her to change her mind.

This was the irritating part of the business to the worthies of Sutton Valence, and they were left to form their own conjectures for the reason of it; for Balchin, usually so communicative with reference to anything which concerned himself, maintained, with regard to the motive for his daughter's absence, a complete silence. He had, indeed, when one or two women (Mrs. Dedman amongst the number) had pertinaciously attempted to wrest from him his opinion on the subject, shaken his head solemnly, turned up the whites of his eyes, and quoted Scripture to prove his resignation to all things, in a manner which, considering the circumstances of the case, was profane. But more than this, even they had found it impossible to make him do; and Mr. Balchin's confession as to whether it was with or without his consent that Winifred had left her home remained an unspoken thing.

They related afterwards, with great feeling, how the tears had stood in the poor father's eyes as he alluded to his domestic loss, and how studiously he had avoided casting any direct reflection on the absent one, although he had insinuated that it was greatly deserved; but why Winifred had gone, or where, and when she intended to return, Balchin had neither hinted at nor said.

So with the brothers. They all, even down to little Benny, made the same answers when questioned on the subject. Winifred had gone to service.

But why?

"Well, she wanted a change!"

And where to?

"Somewhere whereabouts!"

And with this scanty information Sutton Valence was compelled to content itself, and after awhile it ceased to be inquisitive, and did so.

The real state of the case being, that the simple reason that Balchin and his sons said so little of the cause of the girl's flight was because they knew less. They neither knew where she was gone, nor why, nor

for how long. All they were certain of was that she had disappeared without leaving any trace behind her; and although they were too indifferent about the girl to make more than a cursory search or inquiry after her, they had agreed among themselves that it would look better in the eyes of the village if they professed to be cognizant of her actions, and that her departure had been pre-arranged by her family.

For some days after her last interview with Leofric Temple, that interview during which he had so cruelly torn the veil from before her eyes and permitted her to see how indifferent he had become to her, Winifred had appeared quite stupefied with the excess of her grief, and unable either to think or to act as became one responsible for domestic duties. Her lethargic manner had brought down a great deal of abuse from her father on her devoted head, and much unnecessary harshness; but it was not until some days after the flight of her lover with Miss Bellew, not until the news of the marriage had been confirmed in the village, that the male Balchins woke up one morning to find their sitting-room unswept, their breakfast unprepared, and to arrive after awhile at the unpleasant conclusion that their patient maid-of-all-work had left them to shift for themselves. They found it out first from the absence from her chest of the few articles of clothing she possessed, no less than from the artless confession of little Benny, with whom she had slept.

"She woke me up over-night," said the urchin, on being questioned as to when he had seen his sister last. "Winifred woke me up a-crying hard, and she hugged me close, and said she wished she could take me along with her. And when I asked her 'where,' she told me to go to sleep again like a good boy, and to tell father, come the morning, as Winifred was gone to service. Yes," said the child reflectively, "them was the words, and I was to tell him as her heart was broke; as Winifred's heart was broke, and she was gone to service; and so I went to sleep again," he added innocently; "and now won't she come to dress me no more, nor nothing?" And a burst of loud sobs followed the unanswered question.

"Now, this here's a nice go," remarked Joe to his parent, confidentially. "This comes of all your hollering after her and kicking of her when there warn't no occasion for it. You've drove the girl out of your house. This will be nice talk for the village, won't it? As how the clerk of the parish treated his daughter in such a way that she couldn't bide the house a day longer. You've been and done it, you have, and a nice mess you've made of it."

Truth, if not elegance, lay so palpably in his son's speech, that Balchin was thoroughly frightened at it. He knew his rector well, and that if the real state of the case came to his ears, there would be an end to his appointment at once. And so they agreed amongst themselves to keep it close from the gossips of Sutton Valence. The father of the family called a council forthwith; he was certain, he said, that Winifred would return, or be traced before long; in the meanwhile they must all agree as to what answers they should make to the questions put concerning her.

Benny was whipped at once, in order to drive the remembrance of her parting message out of his head, and it was settled in conclave that the family should worry itself about the circumstance as little as possible. All but Tom, and he never ceased to lament the absence of his sister and to hope to receive tidings of her, and little Benny, who used to howl periodically for her return, until his father gave him something so much more substantial to howl for that he left off in sheer self-defence.

But the weeks went on, and Balchin's certainty that his daughter's whereabouts would be easily traced, became less and less to be relied on—although Tom had made inquiries for her at every village and town within walking distance. It had been October when she left them, and about Christmas time a few lines from her had arrived, addressed to her favourite brother, and posted from a neighbouring town. Of course Tom had walked over there at once, and asked at almost every house for news of his sister, but without effect. Neither by name or description could anyone give him information of such a person, and Winifred's letter made no mention of herself further than by saying that she was in service and doing well. She sent all sorts of loves and kisses to her nursling, Benny, and entreated her brother to send her a line to a certain post office, which she named, to say how they all were. The letter, badly written and expressed as it was, wound up with the following touching message:—

"Give my duty to father, Tom," so it ran, "and tell him, if I don't live to see him any more, that I hope he will forgive me for leaving home, for though I wasn't to say happy there, my going was a kinder thing to him than my staying would have been."

Tom, after having read this sentence, as desired, to his father, puzzled long over the hidden meaning contained in it. Balchin himself, too angry at the girl's

not returning, or speaking of returning, to her duty, professed to see nothing in the words but an idle excuse for her conduct; but the brother felt otherwise. Winny's letter seemed to intimate that she was ill. Could that be the reason that she considered her going away, and thereby relieving her father of a useless burden, was a kinder act than staying to live on his earnings would have been? Balchin had forbidden his son to send his daughter an answer; but Tom was nineteen now, a man in his own estimation, and not to be controlled in little things, so he dispatched a long epistle to Winifred to the post-office indicated, in which he enclosed five shillings' worth of stamps, and implored her to return to Sutton Valence and Benny and himself.

Poor little Winny cried heartily over the stamps, and kissed the letter when she received it, but still she did not reappear at her former home, nor did Tom get another letter from her from that time forward.

After awhile, the clerk and his sons went on much the same without Winifred as they had done with her. Mrs. Dedman, who was a widow, had been found willing to come in periodically to cook their meals and set the house to rights, and the expenditure which this extravagance entailed was more than covered by the absence of one mouth to feed from the family circle. The clerk's cottage was certainly not so pretty or so neat as it used to be when Winifred was its presiding genius; the flower pots had been removed from the window-sill, because there was no one now to water and attend to them, and the plants had died for lack of nourishment; the muslin blind which shaded the latticed panes had grown brown from the effects of tobacco smoke, and was torn and disarranged, and the square of felt carpet which stood beneath the deal table had had many a hole worn in it which Winny's nimble fingers would have patched with so much neatness that the rent would not have been discernible. But otherwise, things went on in the Balchin circle much as they had done before the little girl with the yellow hair had left them; and of all there, perhaps, poor Benny felt her loss the most. He was only five years old, and quite unable to shift for himself. His pretty yellow curls, just the same colour as his sister's hair, were matted and rough, and suffered so to remain, for Mrs. Dedman had not time to do more than scrub his face and hands once a day at the scullery sink. His Sunday suit had been worn on week-days, until he might be said to possess no best clothes, and he had been permitted, in the daily absence of his father and brothers, to run so completely at large, that, from an innocent, well-behaved little child, he had degenerated into a rough, coarse boy, who bid fair to attain to as unpolished a manhood as Joe and Bill had done before him.

The spring of the year had brought to Sutton Valence, as it does to most places, a score of childish epidemics, amongst others the measles, which had been readily taken by little Benjamin Balchin; but so lightly that, having no woman to nurse and look after the child, the men had thought little of the disorder, and allowed him to take cold from getting about again too soon.

Upon which he developed the whooping-cough, and as it was then May, the gossips assured Balchin that the whooping-cough was nothing, and the more the boy was in the open air the sooner he would be rid of the complaint. But May, which had set in fine and warm, ended drenchingly, and poor little Benny caught one cold on the top of another, until the cough settled on his lungs, and he was regularly laid up.

Then Mrs. Dedman put him into his own little bed in Winny's room, and the doctor was summoned, and a great deal of fighting went on to persuade the boy to take the medicine which was ordered for him; which might just as well have been avoided, as it did him no manner of good; for each day saw him weaker, and each night more feverish, until it was very apparent that Benny Balchin was fading away. Even then the occupations of the various members of his family were not suspended; but the time arrived when Mrs. Dedman gave it as her opinion that some of them "did ought to bide with him always, as it was more than, with the care of her own family on her hands, she could undertake to do."

So, when July arrived, little Benny was in his last stage of weakness, and the parish-clerk himself took turns with his son Tom to "bide along" with him.

There he lay on his bed, now moved into the sitting-room for convenience sake, no longer the ruddy-cheeked, robust little Benny of yore, but transformed into a long, thin, white child, whose yellow locks were damp and out of curl, and in whose little hands, erstwhile blood-colour, and rough as a file, the blue veins might now be traced distinctly.

The end was very near; the doctor had told them only that morning, that the strength of five years' standing was almost spent, and that the baby breath must soon be drawn for the last time.

The intelligence, though expected, seemed to have subdued all who heard it. It had been a very hot

day, and although the sun had long gone down, and the dusk had fallen, the air was still oppressive, and a great silence seemed to reign upon all living things. Joe and Bill had gone to spend their evening elsewhere; their acquaintance with Death was limited, and like all bullies they were cowards, and feared to face the mysterious stranger even in the person of an innocent child.

Jacob and Esau had also decamped from the dull unlighted room; only the father and Tom, who loved his little brother for his sister's sake, sat silent and absorbed, as they watched together beside the dying bed of poor little Benny.

"It's mortal hot, Tom," exclaimed the clerk, after a long unbroken silence, as he wiped his face with his cotton pocket-handkerchief; "this is regular woman's work, a-staying in day after day, and night after night after this fashion, and for no good either, as you may say; well, it can't last much longer now, that's one comfort."

"No," replied Tom, glancing wistfully towards the tranquil face upon the pillow, and noting the nervous, hurried manner in which the attenuated little fingers pulled at the coverlid of the bed; "that's sure as sure can be, bless his poor little 'art."

"I wish the girl had been at home at this time," rejoined Balchin; "she might have been of some use, maybe, for with all her whining ways the youngster was always very fond over her, and he's called her name many a time this forenoon."

"Has he?" said Tom, "poor little chap! I'm sure I wish she was, father, for more sakes than one, for the thought of her lies heavy on me sometimes, and I can't help fancying as she's come to harm, somehow."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the father impatiently, "she's right enough, depend on it. Them whimpering sor always seem to light on their legs. If I want to see the girl again, it's for the trouble's sake of minding the child, and not because I'm afraid of her coming to grief. You wrote to her last week, didn't you?"

"Last week, and week afore that," replied Tom, "and told her how bad the child was, and always crying out after her; and if anything will bring her back, that will. But I had only the old address to go by, and like enough Winny's left her first place by this time and got another."

"Like enough indeed," sneered Balchin, "if the folks happened to find her the same shiftless creature as she was whilst here. Why, that girl Winifred was no more fit for service than that boy there is to drive a team at the present moment."

"I want Winny," sighed the feeble voice of little Benny as the mention of his sister's name roused his dormant energies; "and I want mother; Tom, fetch mother to help carry me away."

The faces of both father and son showed ghastly white even in the dusky twilight, as they turned them towards one another, after this last request had fallen from Benny's lips. The child had scarcely ever mentioned his mother's name in his life before, for she had died at his birth, and he could not remember her.

"I say, fetch a light, Tom," exclaimed Balchin, presently, but his voice quivered; "we can't sit in this confounded darkness any longer—the matches are on the shelf, so are the candles. Strike a light, lad, and let's see each other's faces."

Tom did as he was desired, and as the candle illuminated the little apartment, Benny's feeble gaze was directed towards it.

"There's a light," he murmured insensibly; "is Winny coming?"

At the same time a rustling movement was heard among the honeysuckle and clematis which overshadowed the window-sill, the glass of which had been left wide open to admit as much air as was possible, a sound very like a heavy sigh or an exclamation of pain, was plainly distinguishable in the silence of the summer evening.

"What's that?" exclaimed the father and son simultaneously, as they turned and confronted one another.

"There's some one in the garden," said Tom.

"Whoever it is, I'll soon turn them out," replied Balchin, who did not like the idea of his home being invaded by prying ears or eyes. "I'll teach them to come into my garden of nights, a-trampling down all the creepers and sweet herbs. I'll teach them better manners than that," and rising as he spoke, he passed through the open door and along the tiny gravelled path, which, being square, was bounded at one end by a belt of lilac bushes which reared themselves against the churchyard wall. But he returned quicker than he went, and with a face as grey as ashes.

"What's on now, father?" exclaimed Tom, really alarmed at his appearance.

But Balchin only sunk into a chair and mopped his face, moistened with fear, whilst his heaving chest and wild stare showed that he had received a great fright.

"What is it?" said his son again. "Can't you speak and tell a man?"

"It's—it's—your mother, Tom," gasped the clerk,

as he seized the arms of the chair for support. "I seed her as plain as a pikestaff; you heard the child a-calling for her to carry him away, and she's come to do it, as sure as my name's Balchin. Lord have mercy upon us! I hope she won't come in here."

"It can't be true, father," said Tom, who was too brave and sensible to credit such a tale. "If mother could come for her baby, she'd never do it in a way to frighten any of us. It's your fancy, depend on it. You're tired of watching the child, and your nerves is upset. Maybe 'twas Mrs. Dedman!"

"Mrs. Dedman!" exclaimed the clerk, with ineffable scorn. "Don't you think I ought to know my own wife when I see her? I tell you when I stepped out of this house, there she was a-standing by the lilac trees as plain as could be, with the moon a-shining on her white face, and her hands clasped together."

"Did she move, father?" asked Tom, on whose face a keen interest was now depicted.

"Move?" replied the clerk indignantly; "as if I'd been such a fool as to stop and see if she moved or not. Why, I'd hardly set eyes on the apparition but I cut in again, as sharp as a hatchet, and whether she's there still or not I wouldn't go for to ascertain, not for a thousand pounds laid down on that table, in golden guineas, this very minute."

"If she's come for the child, she'll fetch him, never fear," said Tom, gravely; "anyway, I should take it as a warning that he isn't to be here long."

"That's true enough, whatever is not," said the clerk, who had recovered a little of his equanimity. "It don't take more than two eyes to see that he'll be gone before the morning."

"Ah!"

The prolonged exclamation, dying off in a wail, and uttered close against the open window, made both men start up with alarm. Their sudden movement again disturbed the sick child, who repeated faintly—

"Winny! Where's Winny? Fetch her, Tom."

"I am here, darling. Your own Winny has come back to you," exclaimed a panting, sobbing voice; and a slight figure rushed simultaneously across the cottage threshold, and with the energy born of despair, sunk tremblingly down beside the tiny bed which she knew so well.

"Benny, little Benny, darling Benny, mother's baby! if I had known you were so ill, I would have come before. Oh! why didn't I?" And a burst of grief followed the self-accusation, which was blended with the tender caressing tones of the dying child, who weakly fondled his sister's arms and face, as a dumb animal licks the hand that has been accustomed to feed it.

"Winny," exclaimed Tom, with delight, whilst Balchin, alive to no warmer feeling than surprise at her sudden appearance, demanded curtly,

"Was it you as was hiding in the garden bushes just now, girl?"

She turned towards him tremblingly.

"Yes, father. I'm afraid I startled you; but I was feared to show myself to you at once."

"Like enough," growled her father, "after the way you left your home. However, now you are come, you can stay and make yourself useful."

And he pointed towards the bed as he spoke. He was thankful to be relieved from so unpleasant a task as watching the last moments of his neglected little child.

"I'm afraid—" commenced Winifred, falteringly.

"Afraid of what?" said her father.

"I was going to say that I'm most afraid I can't stop to-night," she replied timidly; "but I'll come early to-morrow morning, and—"

"You can't stay to-night," repeated Balchin, roughly, "but you *must* stay to-night, you jade; and as long as I choose that you shall stay. You left my house in a cool enough manner, without so much as 'with your leave,' or 'by your leave,' but you don't run away so easy a second time, I can tell you; and if you attempt to do it or talk any more such nonsense, I'll have you locked up. A pretty thing, indeed, that after a man has brought up a girl, and fed and clothed her for sixteen and more years, she's to be allowed to walk off after her own business directly there's any work for her to do. Come now! Do you mean to stay at home quietly and nurse your brother, as is your duty, or am I to lock you up in the cellar before I leave the house? I haven't had an hour to myself in the evening now for the last three weeks."

He paused, and appeared to wait for an answer; and Winifred, who had grown deadly pale when he spoke of locking her up, now acquiesced eagerly in his wishes, and promised that she would stay. She removed her bonnet and shawl as she spoke, as if in pledge of her good faith, and laid them quietly upon the dresser.

As, having done so, she turned again towards the candle-light, both her father and brother were struck with the alteration in her appearance. She seemed to have grown taller since her departure, and although

she was very thin, her figure had developed considerably; which, combined with the loss of the childish innocent expression which had always characterised her, gave her a far more womanly look than she had hitherto borne.

"Well, where have you been living?" inquired her father, briefly, as he surveyed her changed appearance. "At Crampton, father," she replied, and then added, hurriedly, "but don't let us talk of that to-night. I don't seem to be able to think of anything but Benny." And she took up her station at the bedside as she spoke.

"Ah!" sneered the clerk, "you didn't like service so much then as you expected, after all, eh? It didn't suit your fine-lady bones any better, maybe, than the house the Lord placed you in."

She was silent, and her father went on, slapping his hand on the table as he rose to go.

"Well, you're here now, and by the Heaven above us, you'll stay and do your duty towards your own kin, or I'll know the reason why."

He left the cottage as he spoke, and Tom drew near to his sister's side. She was leaning over the hand of little Benny, who had, apparently, again relapsed into unconsciousness; and her hot tears were falling fast upon the bedclothes over which she bent.

"Winny, darling," whispered Tom affectionately, "don't you mind what father says. He was angry at your leaving us, but if you'll stay at home now quietly, and do for us as you used, he'll come right again in time, and it can't be worse than service, Winny, for I shall be always here, remember, and I'm a man now, and should like to see the body who would dare to ill-treat you in my presence, be it male or female. You'll stay at Sutton now, Winny, won't you?"

"I'll stop till he goes," she answered, weeping, as she pointed to her little brother's figure.

"And not after?" exclaimed Tom in amazement.

"I can't," she whispered, mysteriously. "Don't you worry me, Tom, for I shall want all your help to get away again. But I know you're safe, and there are good reasons why I can't possibly stay at home any more."

"Good reasons," quoth Tom. "You're not married, are you, Winny?"

The colour flew to his sister's pale cheeks and forehead.

"No, Tom, it ain't that," she answered quickly; "if it had been I would have told you before. Do you love me, Tom?"

"You know I do, Winny," returned the lad, fervently. "I've fretted after you sadly."

She bent forward suddenly and kissed him.

"Then you'll do me a great favour, Tom, won't you, and not ask no questions, nor put a spy upon me?"

"What is it?" demanded her brother, cautiously.

"It's to let me go out for an hour now and then, dear, and to keep it close that I'm away; and to watch by little Benny here till I return. 'Tain't much, Tom; you'll do it for poor Winny, won't you?"

Tom scratched his head.

"And what if father should come in meanwhile, and ask for you?"

"Say I'm away for a minute, and will be back directly."

"And you will come back, Winny?" he demanded, wistfully.

"Do you think I could stay away for good, with my Benny dying?" she replied, reproachfully.

"And mayn't I ask no questions about it?" said Tom, with the air of an injured man.

"No, not one," said Winny. "It's nothing wrong, Tom, take my word for that; and the knowing of it wouldn't give you no pleasure. And if you'll do me that kindness, I swear that I won't leave home again unless you know of it beforehand."

"I'll trust you, my lass," said Tom, decidedly; "for you've never been other than honest towards me. When do you want to go?"

"Now, at once, for fear father should return; and I'll not be long."

She put her bonnet and shawl on as she spoke, and with a kiss on little Benny's unconscious face, ran hastily from the cottage. In half an hour she returned, and quietly sat down in her place by the bedside.

"Where's your shawl, Winny?" said Tom.

"I haven't got it," she answered simply, and her brother forbore to question her.

Once during the night-watch, which they shared together whilst the remainder of the family were comfortably in bed, he was roused from the uneasy slumber which had fallen upon him in his chair, by Winifred's light kiss upon his cheek, and her whisper in his ear.

"Wake up, dear Tom, for half an hour, and then you shall go to bed until the morning"; and standing up he saw her again with her bonnet on, and an anxious unsettled look in her pretty face.

"What, again! Winny," he said, seeing her evident

intention, "and at this time of night? Wait for the daylight, my lass."

"No, no! I can't," she answered excitedly. "Don't try to stop me, Tom, for the love of our mother."

And darting through the door as before, she left her astonished brother to listen alone to the low moaning which was incessantly kept up by the dying child, whilst he attempted, with amazement, increasing every moment, to unravel the mystery which appeared to envelop the actions of his newly returned sister.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"IN THE RUINS."

If there be aught
Surpassing human deed or words or thought
It is a mother's love.

MARCHIONESS DE SPADARA.

THE morning broke dull and close, with all the promise of another burning day, and still little Benjamin Balchin was alive. When Balchin and his elder sons descended, with many yawns, the creaking staircase, and assembled at the breakfast table, they found Winifred, as they had left her the night before, sitting quietly by the child's bedside, and parrying the string of searching questions which Mrs. Dedman, who had looked in to see how the little sufferer was, thought fit to put to her, with a self-composure so different to what they had ever witnessed in her of old, that they were quite astonished at the change. Tom had slipped up to his own room for a nap, and the two women were alone. The widow's sharp eyes kept roving over the face and figure of the clerk's daughter, and watching each expression of her countenance, as she plied her for details of the life she had been leading whilst away from Sutton Valence. For Mrs. Dedman was sharp-witted, and had never quite believed that there were not some unpleasant circumstances connected with the sudden disappearance of Winifred Balchin.

"At Crampton you have been living, have you?" she was saying as the men entered the room. "Well, I don't know the place, but from the looks of you, I should say it didn't agree with you so well as Sutton. Have you been ill?"

"I am quite well," replied Winifred, shortly.

"You seemed to be so pulled down to what you used to be, and to have got such a look of care upon you. Had you a comfortable situation?"

"Pretty well," said the girl; "as good as most, I dare say."

"Have you been in the same place all along?"

"Well, I can't make you out at all," rejoined Mrs. Dedman, rather wrathfully, as the conviction struck her that she should not be able to get any more out of the daughter than she had out of the father. "You look to me the same and yet not the same as you did when you went away; anywise, I should say, from your appearance, that home-keeping was better for you than service."

"And that's what she's going to do for the future, neighbour," interpolated Balchin. "The truth will out, and it wasn't with my consent that the girl left Sutton at all; however, it's for the first and last time, as I tell her. And now that she's come amongst us again, she don't quit my house in a hurry. How do you think the boy looks this morning?"

"As bad as he well can," replied the widow. "If he's alive this time to-morrow I shall say it's a miracle."

During the foregoing conversation, Winifred had kept her face scrupulously turned towards the bed, and appeared as if she was thinking of something widely different from the topic under discussion.

Her father seemed to have fully made up his mind that she was to resume her former household duties at once and for ever, for he now decidedly told Mrs. Dedman that her services would not be required by him any more.

"You've been a good neighbour to us, Mrs. Dedman, ma'am," he said, consequentially, "and I'm sure we're one and all beholden to you, to say nothing of the innocent creature a-lying there; but as my daughter has returned to look after the house, we shall have no occasion to trouble you further."

"Which I'm sure it's been no trouble, Mr. Balchin, but a pleasure," replied the widow, "to do anything for your dear family; although Winifred, of course, is the properest person to look after your wants; it's her duty, and if she only feels about it as she did ought to feel, it would be her happiness, too; and as for that sainted babe, I'm sure if it had been twice as much"—and here tears commenced to trickle down the widow's cheeks, and her apron went up to smother a sympathetic howl.

The father raised his hypocritical eyes to heaven, or rather the cottage rafters, and made use of a scriptural quotation, which it would be out of place to write down here.

Mrs. Dedman seized his uplifted hand.

"Ah! Mr. Balchin, Sir, it's your blessed feelings of

resignation that makes every 'art in Sutton bleed for you this day; it's the holiness of your words that goes to our very marrow, as you say, and makes us 'most as grieved as if the dear child was our own. You've always had a word of comfort for other poor creatures, Mr. Balchin, and I hope it may all come home to you in your own sorrow, that I do."

Balchin received all this homage as if it was his due; and either it, or his daughter's apparent acquiescence in his desire that she should remain at home, made him, notwithstanding that the Angel of Death was within the very walls, quite cheerful in his manners, and, compared to his usual brutality, polite.

"Now, Winny, my girl," he said, as he rose from the breakfast table, and, accompanied by his sons, prepared to leave the cottage, "there's plenty of work for you to do, and let me find that you do it. It ain't of no use snivelling over the boy; for he's hardly breathing, in the first place, and he don't know you in the second; so you may as well get about and do your duty. If anything happens before I'm home again to dinner, you can run up and leave word at the 'Hussar,' for if I ain't there at the time, I'm pretty sure to be out and in most of the morning." And so saying, without further comment, he passed out of the cottage-door, followed by Joe and Bill.

As they disappeared, Winifred seemed to breathe more freely; but she now kept her eyes anxiously fixed upon the staircase by which her brother Tom must descend from his sleeping apartment. Presently his heavy step was heard above, and the next minute he was with her again. As his eye caught the first sight of her figure, strained forward to watch for his appearance, her large blue eyes dilated, her lips parted, and her hands clasped as if in pain, she looked to him like some animal in dumb distressful suspense, so marked was the look of silent anxiety upon her features. Her brother noticed it at once—

"Why, Winny," he said, quickly, "what's the matter? Is the child gone?"

"Oh, no, Tom," she answered; "he's just the same; but let me go out again, there's a dear; only for a few minutes—I'll run like the wind"; and as she spoke, she pressed her hand upon her breast.

Her brother looked grave.

"I wanted to go up to my place," he said, "to let my master know the reason of my absence; and I thought, as you'd come back, that I should be able to go to work again to-morrow."

"Oh! no, Tom!" cried Winifred, in an agony of terror, as she darted forward and seized his hand.

"Don't say that. Promise you'll stay with me till Benny's gone and buried. I couldn't stay alone, I couldn't, indeed; it would kill me."

"What! are you afraid, Winny?" asked Tom, rather contemptuously.

"Afraid!" she echoed in the same tone; "afraid of the child I've nursed from a baby, and who's half an angel already? Oh, Tom!"

"Well, why can't you stay alone with him, then?" he demanded.

"I must go out, Tom," she said, almost hoarsely.

"I told you so last night. If you try to prevent me, you will bring a great trouble on me. You're the only brother I can call such; don't be hard on me, dear."

"All right, said Tom, roughly; "cut along then, and come back as soon as you can."

She did not wait for a second permission; she darted along the churchyard path, and past her mother's grave, with many a fearful look around, lest she should encounter her father's dreaded form; up the back-road to the Castle ruins, which she had so often trodden in past times, when she went to her assignments with Leofric Temple; and threading the clumps of bushes which shaded the broken walls, entered the chamber where she had stood with her false lover on the first night that we met her. Half-an-hour afterwards, she entered her father's house again, slowly and sadly, and, sitting down by the table, began to cry.

"Halloa, Winny," exclaimed Tom, who had been employing himself at the back of the house during her absence, and was first made aware of his sister's return by the sound of her distress. "What's up, now? Have you hurt yourself?"

She shook her head.

"What's the row, then?" he demanded, though not unkindly.

"Oh, Tom, do you think it's going to rain?"

The dazzling July sky had become overclouded during the last hour, and was now, as far as the eye could reach, of one dark purple colour. Tom Balchin went to the open door, and surveyed the horizon.

"No, I don't think so," he replied; "at least, not yet awhile; but what if it should? It looks a deal more like thunder."

"Not a thunderstorm?"

She almost screamed as she said the words, and her brother turned round and surveyed the look of startled terror which she had turned upon him, with amazement, not unmixed with amusement.

"Just as likely as not," he said, laughing; "and a good pouring shower after it: I hope we may get it, too," he added, thoughtfully, "for we want it sadly; we haven't had any wet to speak of since the close of May."

Winifred sat down by the table, and began to cry afresh, rocking herself backwards and forwards.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" she sobbed, but more in the manner of a girl's lamentation for some distress, than in that of a woman's passionate grief. "Oh! what shall I do?—what can I do? Oh! it won't rain, Tom, will it?" she exclaimed, energetically, as she leapt up, and lifted her tearful face to his surprised one.

"Well, I can't see what difference it can make to you if it do, or it don't," he replied, tired of this continued mystery. "You haven't got on much as will spoil, Winny."

"No, I haven't," the girl replied, quietly, as she moved away from his side, disappointed, however unjustly, at her brother's want of sympathy.

The day went on; the sky still maintained the same livid appearance; little Benjamin was lying like an inanimate creature on his bed, dreaming himself into heaven; the family dinner had been duly served, and disposed of; and Winifred had again absented herself, when her father, returning unexpectedly to the cottage, missed and demanded her.

Tom, who, with the *Gardener's Calendar* for the year in his hand, was keeping watch by the sick child, made answer, as he had promised, that she had stepped out for a few minutes and would soon be back again.

But this explanation was not sufficient for the clerk; he insisted upon knowing where his daughter had gone. Of this, Tom truly pleaded ignorance; and Balchin, storming at the contempt thrown upon his orders, sat himself down to await the girl's return.

Soon she appeared, glancing timidly round the room as she gained the threshold, and obviously starting as she met the stern looks of her father.

"Winny, where have you been?" he demanded angrily.

"Only out for a bit," was the shrinking reply.

"But where to?" asked Balchin pertinaciously.

She made no answer.

"Didn't I tell you not to leave the house?" said her father.

"Benny didn't seem to need me," she tremblingly replied.

"That ain't to the purpose," he rejoined, his temper still rising with the occasion. "My words to you were to stay at home and do your duty, and your duty aint to gad about the village when your brother lays a-dying. Now, as you won't obey me behind my back, I'll make you do it to my face. I'm sitting here now, my girl, and I mean to sit here for the rest of the day and see that you stick to your work. Your pleasuring's over for this afternoon, and I hope you've made the most of it."

A slight cry escaped his daughter's lips as Balchin poured forth his concluding threat, and then she reseated herself by Benny's bed, and tried to withdraw the attention of her father and brother from herself.

"He's going fast," she observed, and the tears welled into her eyes as she watched the slowness with which the child was drawing his parting breath. Just then a bright flash of lightning, followed by a loud clap of thunder, burst directly over the roof of the frail tenement they occupied, and almost seemed by its vehemence as though it would rend the lath and plaster asunder. As the shock, which was really startling, reached their ears, Winifred gave a loud scream and rushed to the open door. All was quiet again then, except for the low muttering sound of the thunder, as it died away among the distant hills, and the subdued and frightened chirruping of some little birds that had taken shelter in the lilac bushes, and were consulting together as to the best plan to be pursued to ensure their mutual safety. The trees were still quivering from the shock they had sustained, and creaked mournfully as they swayed towards one another, but otherwise the universal alarm was over, and Nature was re-collecting her forces and husbanding her strength against the next assault of heaven's artillery.

"We shall have a storm and a-half before night," remarked the elder Balchin as he strode after his daughter to the doorway, and stood for a minute regarding the angry appearance of the sky, and the many signs around by which dwellers in the country read when a change in the weather is expected.

Winifred shivered and turned back into the cottage, but as if irresolute. Something was now exciting her to such a degree that two crimson spots had come out upon her pallid cheeks and remained burning there, silent witnesses of her silent agony.

Half-past five arrived, and Joe and Bill returned to their early tea. Still their sister hovered uneasily about the door-sill, and, refusing to eat or drink, kept watching the threatening sky with an anxiety that appeared to increase every moment.

"What's the matter with the girl?" said Joe,

presently. "Can't she sit down like a Christian and attend to us?"

Hereupon her father was about to order Winifred to do as Joe suggested, but his words were arrested on his lips by a more terrific flash of lightening and rattle of thunder than had yet taken place, and by his daughter, after giving vent to a loud exclamation of fear, darting, with her head uncovered, through the tiny garden and into the churchyard beyond.

But before she had gained the centre of the path she was overtaken, and two stout arms were thrown around and detained her forcibly.

"Let me go—let me go!" said Winifred as she wrestled impotently in their grasp. "For God's sake don't hold me! He may die, he may be killed! Oh! my lamb! Let me go!"

"She's mad," exclaimed Balchin, as, wriggling and twisting in his grasp, Winifred almost managed to elude it. "The girl's stark staring mad. What can she want to be running out for, in a storm like this? Here, Joe, help me to hold the jade. She struggles like an eel, and is almost as slippery."

All three of her elder brothers had followed Balchin in pursuit of her, and they now closed round and formed an apparently impassable barricade.

"Let me go, I say!" shrieked Winifred, really almost maddened by her fear, whilst the lightning played about the yellow hair, which had become unloosened in her exertion, and she ran round the barrier like a wild thing. "Tom, let me out for the love of God! Father, Heaven's curse be on you if you don't let me go! Joe—Bill—I am only a wretched woman! Have you the heart to hold me like this? Come with me if you like, only let me go."

"What for?" shouted Balchin. "Where are you going to, you baggage? What can you want out in a storm like this?"

The rain commenced to fall in large heavy drops as he spoke, and as she felt it, Winifred, made powerful by her love and her fear, renewed her efforts to get free. She appeared for the time to have lost all her timidity; her dreaded father was nothing to her, except the prison walls that held her; her ruffian brothers only as so many obstacles to her doing as she wished. No fear of what they might do to revenge themselves on her frail body possessed her now; she had the strongest of all instincts, the most enduring and braving of all loves stirring within her breast, and she would attain her end, in the face of every danger, or die in the attempt. Stooping down, therefore, in an unguarded moment on their parts, and gripping with her young strong teeth the hand immediately in front of her, the owner of it (who happened to be Bill) retreated suddenly with a loud yell, and before the others could comprehend the action, Winifred had darted from their midst, and was rushing through the driving rain before them, like the mad creature they had called her.

"My baby! My child!" she cried loudly as she broke from them.

This announcement took the men so completely by surprise that, instead of following her at once, they stood stock still, staring at one another.

"What did she say?" said Tom, hoarsely.

"Her child!" growled Balchin in a voice of the greatest rage. "Follow me, lads; she took the road to the Castle. We must see the end of this;" and one and all commenced to follow in the footsteps of the flying girl.

It might well be termed "flying." Her feet scarcely seemed to touch the ground as her girlish active figure skimmed lightly over the well-known pathway, and up the old familiar road which led to the ruins of Sir Aymer's Castle. They soon caught her up, although she had been out of sight when they started in pursuit. At the bottom of the bank, now wet and slippery, upon which the ruins stood, she had paused to gain her breath for the ascent; but as she turned and caught sight of her pursuers, she forgot her fatigue, and again darted forward. Up, up, the steep and treacherous bank, wetting her badly-clad feet through and through with its reeking long grass and abundant growth of weeds; over its bramble bushes, anyway, anyhow, never mind how they tore her stockings and dress, and the thorns wounded her tender flesh, so she gained the ruined chamber before her father did. Once or twice she stumbled, and a loud laugh came from the lips of those behind her at the accident—from all but those of her father and her brother Tom. The one was too angry, and the other too sorry, to do aught but follow her.

At last she was there, on the very spot where she had sat at night with Leofric Temple, and listened to his vows of eternal fidelity, and to his promises of marriage, until it was a "kind of heaven to be deluded by him."

Ah! poor Winifred!

She had reached the trysting-place. She had sprung upon the block of stone which she had placed beneath one of the cells before described, and drawn thence, with a rough energy begotten of her fearful love, the sleeping form of an infant, which, if it had ever been awakened by the storm, had undoubtedly cried itself to sleep again.

She covered it with passionate kisses—she strained it again and again to her youthful breast—and then she was suddenly brought back to the things of this world by the knowledge that her father and brothers were standing on the same ground as herself, ready to call her to account for her conduct.

At the thought, her blue eyes half closed and looked downwards in shamed contrition, whilst the tender arms strained the baby closer to her bosom. Balchin was panting with his exertion and his rage.

"Well," he shouted, applying a vile name to his daughter than he had ever ventured to give her before; "what's the meaning of this? Whose child is that?"

"He is mine," said Winifred almost proudly (Heaven forgive the little fool!), as she wound her fond arms closer round the slumbering baby, and pressed her lips upon its little downy head.

The anger of the father was something fearful to behold.

"Yours," he shouted; "you dare to stand there and tell me that that child is yours? Ain't you afraid that I shall kill you. Ain't you afraid that I shall take your bastard and dash its head against these walls?"

"No," said Winifred stoutly, "because you daren't do it."

He rushed up to the girl's side, and seized her savagely by the arm.

"I'll do it as soon as look at you," he exclaimed; "I'll throw you both down the hill. I'll wring the neck of that youngster as if it was nought but a chicken."

"Father!" exclaimed Tom and Joe, pressing forward, "don't do nothing rash. Don't touch the gal or her brat; men have swung for less before now"—for they were really afraid that the man intended violence. As they pulled him forcibly from Winifred's side, he took out his cotton handkerchief and wiped the foam from his lips.

But Winifred stood undaunted and unmoved. The girl's nature appeared to have undergone a complete change.

"Whose child is that?" again he shouted.

"I have told you," replied Winny.

"Don't you dare to trifle with me, you hussy!" exclaimed her father angrily. "You know what I mean as well as I do. I want to learn who is the villain who has brought you to this plight, that I may break every bone in his body. Don't you dare to pretend not to know what I mean. Who is the father of that brat?"

"I shan't tell you," she said determinedly. At this answer all the young men started, and even Tom looked alarmed for what the consequences of his sister's rashness might be.

"You won't—tell me?" gasped Balchin.

"No!—so help me God!" said Winifred. "Breaking his bones will do no good to me or my child, and I don't mean to mention his name to anyone. Find it out for yourself."

Balchin turned to his sons.

"Come, my lads—this is a case for the minister. He won't let a scandal like this rest in the neighbourhood. If my lady can't find her tongue before me, perhaps she will before him—at all events, we can but try. Joe and Bill, take her on to the rectory, and we'll follow you."

At the mention of the rector's name poor Winny's courage appeared to fail, and she turned very white.

"Oh! not Mr. Stuart, father!" she said entreatingly; "don't shame me before him and the ladies. I'll go straight out of Sutton, and never cross your sight again, if you'll only spare me the shame of speaking up before the rector."

"Oh!" cried Balchin, with a malicious sneer, "we've found your soft point, have we? It's the rector's ladies as isn't to think you anything but what is good and true. They'll be pleased, won't they, when they come to learn what a baggage they've had about them. Well; perhaps you'll speak then, and tell me what I asked for, in consideration of our not troubling the minister in the business."

"No, I won't!" replied Winifred; "I can't. I've made a vow to myself about it. The child is mine, that's enough."

"Enough! I should think it was, and a good deal over enough into the bargain. Take her on to Castlemaine, lads. Let the rector see what his preaching and petting have come to. What do I care for the rain?" he added, as Tom observed that it was very heavy to pass through; "perhaps it will drown them both, and so much the better. If it were fifty miles off, and blowing a hurricane, she should go to Castlemaine to-night, for I'll have that news out of her, or my name's not Balchin."

And so, between alternate curses, revilings, and threats, and an occasional whisper of encouragement from Tom, poor Winifred, strong in nothing but her mother-love, with her outcast baby slumbering on her bosom, was half-dragged and half-pushed through the inclement rain until she reached the gates of Castlemaine.

To be continued.



MORNING AND AFTERNOON COSTUMES FOR THE SEA-SIDE.
For Prices of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of DESCRIPTIONS.

Current Fashions for Children.

THE most sensible, as it is also the most comfortable, healthy, and becoming head-gear for young children is a hat with a brim wide enough to shade the eyes in front, and of equal width, or narrower, at the back, and whether made of straw or of other material, so light in weight that the child is unconscious of having anything on its head.

back of the brim. The hat in the middle is of Leghorn straw, with a brim composed of flutings of very fine straw lace, alternating with bands of the plain straw. The trimming of this hat is also white, and consists of a silk drapery and bunch of roses without foliage.

White is the only colour in the plain straw hat

years of age are in all colours, but the majority are in straw, either black, white, bronze, or grey. The Louise hat, No. 5, is in black fancy straw, with the brim turned up at the back and rising above the low crown. There is a full wreath of vervain and carnations round the crown, with a bunch of similar flowers and bow of green ribbon at the back. No. 6, the



NO. 1. HATS FOR YOUNG CHILDREN.

The large bonnets that have been so popular are anything but hygienic, and cannot be pleasant to wear; at any rate, the people who are old enough to choose the style of their own head-gear have not yet elected to shut up their heads in anything so funnel-like as a baby's bonnet, which only permits a straight-a-head view of one's surroundings, and deprives one of light and air. It cannot be healthy to have the head closely enveloped in a huge bonnet, nor yet to allow it the very slight protection of an embroidered muslin cap, the other extreme of infantile head-dress.

Prudent mothers, who think the comfort and welfare of their little ones of more importance than a strict adherence to fashion, will find some good suggestions for trimming hats in the group illustrated at

under this, with its folded band round the crown and large ribbon bow on one side. The pretty drawn silk muslin hat may be made in white or colours, with

Diana hat, is in bronze straw, with bows of bronze velvet and maize-coloured wings. This hat is very suitable for wearing with a serge dress, and can then be in navy-blue straw, with velvet to match, and the wings in white, cream, or pale yellow. It is a most useful hat for seaside or school wear.

Embroidery, as a trimming for woollen frocks, will be worn later than usual this season, and the fashion is one that may be followed without sacrificing economy and prudence, as the embroidery when soiled can easily be removed and replaced by frills of doubled surah matching the dress material, when the trimming takes the form of frills, and by velvet or



NO. 2. FROCK FOR GIRL OF FIVE.

No. 1. The first of these is made of fine white fancy straw, and is trimmed with bows of blue and white striped ribbon. There is a large bow in front and a smaller one at the back, with a strap starting from the side of the crown and fastening up the brim at the back. The hat below this is also of white straw, with a ruche of silk muslin round the edge of the brim; the trimming is of white silk muslin, with a plume of white feathers in front and a smaller plume falling over the



NO. 3. SERGE DRESS FOR GIRL OF TWELVE.

ribbon straps fastening up the brim at the back and feathers to match; but it is most fashionable in white, all the best hats for little girls and young children being made in white only. The last of the group is a little boy's hat in white straw, with rolled brim and a band of striped ribbon round the crown. On the left are two blue pompous and one white one, in a novel shape, and tied in like tassels.

Hats for girls of fourteen to sixteen or seventeen



NO. 4. DRESS FOR GIRL OF NINE.

bengaline, when it is in plain bands, flat plastrons collars, and cuffs. The very neat and useful serge dress, No. 3, may be taken as a case in point; it has a plain, moderately full skirt with a deep hem marked by a little silk embroidery. The front of the bodice is full in the centre, but plain at the sides, with bands of blue velvet framing the fulness and joining the waistband under bows to match. The bodice is cut in a low square over a pleated chemisette, which may be

of silk or of the serge, and the serge collar and sleeves are ornamented with silk embroidery. The sleeves are considerably puffed at the shoulder, and will require a lining of thin stiffened muslin. The frill of embroidery that frames the yoke and forms epaulets over the shoulders may be worn for a month or six weeks, and can then be replaced by the doubled frills of surah



NO. 5. THE LOUISE HAT.

already mentioned, cut on the cross and gathered at the top, and mounted either with or without a heading.

The frock for a younger child, No. 2, may be made in the same way of any woollen material, with a little cream silk embroidery on the tucks; when the cream embroidery frills on the bodice and sleeves are no longer fit for service, or suitable to the season, they can be replaced by frills of cream surah, or, if something still more useful be desired, the frills may be in the same dark colour as the frock. The gauged chemisette should be of silk; the plain band framing it may be of



NO. 8. DRESS FOR GIRL OF TEN.

silk or of the dress material, and must be made up on stiff muslin.

Velvet will be the best substitute for the embroidery in the dress for a girl of ten, No. 8; a plain bias band of velvet will serve to edge the front and sides of the skirt, and the plastrons, band, and collar will look quite as well in velvet as they do in embroidery. The revers, with the thick ruche over the shoulders and smaller ruche framing the plastron at the back, should be of silk, as woollen ruches are never satis-

actory. The sleeves buttoned down on the front of the arm are novel, and if pretty buttons are used this will be found an inexpensive and effective style of trimming.

The dress for a girl of nine, No. 4, is made of printed mousseline de laine; it is a princess dress with a little fullness at the back and open in front over a full blouse, striped down the centre and on each side with guipure insertion. The skirt is edged with a flounce; the full sleeves are drawn in by bands of guipure, and the turned down collar, open in front, is also of guipure. The ribbon sash is passed under the bands of guipure in front and tied at the back.

Another smart little dress is illustrated at No. 9; this is made of foulard with a printed pattern in pompadour stripes. The skirt is mounted in box pleats; the full front of the bodice is mounted with a bouillonné heading on a bias cut yoke; at the back there is a bias cut plastron reaching to the waist, framed by bretelles. The lace basque is open front and back, and falls over the ribbon band, which has a small bow at the back of the waist, and is tied with long loops and ends in front. The sleeves are drawn in with ribbon below the elbow and gauged and frilled at the wrist.

No. 7 shows a very simple and convenient travelling cloak for young girls. It is made of softly shaded fawn and brown striped tweed. The redingote, with



NO. 7. TRAVELLING CLOAK FOR YOUNG GIRL.

or without coat sleeves, is turned back on the right side down the front with a revers lined with brown silk. The cape is gathered in at the neck, and draped and fastened up under the right shoulder with a silver hook and ring; the lower part is turned back in a revers showing the brown silk lining. The collar is rather high, but opens out a little from the neck so that it is by no means an uncomfortable shape.

The open corselet bodice is a style very much adopted for young girls' dresses, and it is one that suits them well. The corselets are cut quite low or half low, some of the newest shapes are carried almost up to the neck. They look best in velvet over dresses of woollen material. The skirt and bodice of the under dress are generally cut in one, for the front part, and gauged or finely tucked at the neck and waist. The skirt and sleeves are trimmed with a little velvet to correspond with the corselet.

Still more stylish than the plain corselet is a little open jacket, cut like a corselet in a slanting line from the shoulder to the chest but with straight, open jacket fronts, falling about an inch or two lower than the waist. The back is a tight-fitting jacket bodice with coat-tail basques, six or seven inches long. The low

fronts are ornamented with revers, wide at the chest but sloped up to a point at the shoulder. This is very pretty in heliotrope velvet or bengaline over an under-dress of pale fawn woollen. To make the dress very stylish the under-bodice, seen in front only, should be full, gathered into the neck-band, tucked or pleated from the chest to the waist, and then end in a far-



NO. 6. THE DIANA HAT.

thingale puff that is continued all round the figure. The plain skirt is trimmed with a bias band matching the jacket and a little of the same material should be introduced in the cuffs.

Blue serge with white ornaments is worn by little girls of all ages; many of the dresses are extremely pretty, and the majority are made with some description of open jacket over a blouse front. A good model has the skirt opened on the left side and crossed at the top over an under skirt in blue and white horizontal stripes, which shows like a panel; the crossed over skirt is trimmed down each side with three rows of white braid, forming a frame to the panel. The loose-



NO. 9. FOULARD DRESS FOR LITTLE GIRL.

fronted jacket is crossed at the top and trimmed down each front with three rows of braid; from the chest it opens over a white blouse front; the sleeves have three rows of braid all down the back of the arm, and three rows round the wrist. The rows of braid on the left front, fastened up on the right shoulder, are carried all round the neck below the collar, which is trimmed with a single row of braid. The straw hat to be worn with the dress is trimmed with blue ribbon and white wings.

❖ Myra's ❖ Hints ❖ to ❖ Correspondents. ❖

There are many drawbacks to the perfectly plain skirts now worn almost to the exclusion of any other kind, and a fashion that is only becoming to the few, that offers no variety, and that gives the dressmaker no opportunity for showing her taste, though it makes ample demands on her skill, is not likely to be a very long-lived one. Still, with the advent of heavier materials for autumn and winter wear, the fashion is not likely to go out immediately, and it will be quite safe to make up the lengths of material that have been bought during the recent summer sales in this way.

We give in our Dressmaking Lesson in this number full instructions for making plain skirts in various ways, but the subject is a large one, and there is more yet to be said about it. A good many plain skirts, either in fan shape or gored, have a seam down the centre of the front, and many of them are bordered with a six or eight inch wide bias cut hem, stitched down at the top. The inconvenience of the pocket at the back of the skirt is so great that pockets are now often placed on each side of the front, in the most convenient place to the wearer, and the opening is concealed by a tab or flap the length of the pocket hole and cut out in a fancy shape on the loose edge, towards the back of the dress. The flap is stiffened with buckram and stitched round the edge, and remains perfectly flat. Only small articles can be carried in the pockets, as bulky ones would make the skirt bulge out in a very ugly manner.

Unfortunately these plain skirts have no attraction for the people who like a happy medium in dress matters, for they are either so plain as to be insignificant, or else they are ornamented with embroidery, beads or lace, until they become very costly affairs. Again, a closely-fitting dress in thin material has a habit of clinging round the knees, when the wearer of it walks at anything like a quick pace, that is particularly disgraceful and unbecoming to any one who is not blessed with Diana-like limbs. It is very easy to see all the defects of fourreau skirts in action on other people, but difficult to guard against them where ourselves are concerned, and in spite of anything that may be said against them the fashion will wear itself out, as others have done, and those who dislike it must adopt what means they can to evade it, or at any rate to modify it. A well-cut gored skirt has a less clinging effect than one that is quite straight, and if it stands out at the feet, instead of clipping in below the knees, and is trimmed at the edge with a flounce, especially a deep one, the plain skirt may be worn by the stout, if tall; short figures will find a narrow flounce more becoming.

There are also many varieties of draped tunics that may be worn, our illustrations show some good examples of them, and other ways of draping skirts and modifying their too severe simplicity. Walking skirts are still made, as a rule, to rest an inch or two on the ground at the back, a most inconvenient fashion, and one that many ladies do not consent to adopt for any but visiting dresses; their ordinary walking costumes are made to clear the ground, and we strongly advise young ladies who make their own dresses to adopt this sensible spirit of independence.

Applications of velvet are used as trimmings for the

edges of skirts, either in plain bands, or in a wide band cut along the upper edge in sharp vandyke points. Rows of braid sewn in diagonal lines across the front and side breadths are very effective, and form a capital imitation of the new materials. The bands of braid are sewn down on one side only, the other being left loose. Rows of braid forming a series of mitred points down the centre of the front also look well, and either of these ways of trimming may be adopted for the renovation of half-worn skirts.

Jackets are as universal a fashion as plain skirts, and are on the whole easier to wear. The stout look par-

with added basques is particularly convenient for renovations that demand compromises, for not only can the waistcoat be of any kind, but the basques and cuffs can always be made of another material, provided it matches the jacket in colour. Louis XV. and Louis XVI. jackets are often made of velvet or cloth harmonising with, but not matching, the skirt, and these are worn with a variety of waistcoats in different styles and materials, made of broché, of plain silk or satin loaded with lovely embroidery, and finished off with a large Molière cravat in old point lace.

White waistcoats will be worn till quite late in the season, either in silk or cloth, and many of them are enriched with embroidery. Waistcoats of light-coloured silk are equally pretty and rather more serviceable; a very good example is a waistcoat of pale blue glacé silk fastened with little dead gold buttons. The edges of the waistcoat, down the front and round the basque, are cut in rounded scallops worked over with silk, and there is a button-hole in each scallop down the front. A very pretty dress of beetle brown cloth, striped with blue, has a blue waistcoat with a band of brown passementerie in open rings on the edges of the short added basques, and the edge of the flat skirt is trimmed with a band of the passementerie.

The manner of mounting trains, which in dressy costumes, are of the same material as the waistcoat, is left very much to the dressmaker. They may be gathered, arranged in close flat pleats, or mounted in a single Watteau pleat. In nearly all cases the train is made to frame the fourreau skirt, the only part that is trimmed, and all the fulness is thrown well to the back. A very pretty style is to mount the train more to the front than usual, and then to catch up the material towards the back, leaving a very small and coquettish-looking little panier drapery.

For evening dresses small panier draperies in lace, drawn up at the back of the hip with a bow and then ending in a coquillé drapery falling to the edge of the skirt on each side of the train, are very much liked; the coquillé terminates in a fan pleating, or a bow of the lace or of ribbon. The lace that was so much used for trimming summer walking dresses may now be transferred to evening toilettes; lace jackets are charming for evening wear, and may be worn over any light-coloured dresses.

The stole front, or straight Watteau pleat, is conspicuous on redingotes and tea-gowns, but is certainly best adapted to these last. In redingotes the pleat begins on the chest, where it is about four inches wide, and very shallow, and spreads out at the feet to twice this width, with a deep fold in the pleat. In tea-gowns the pleat sometimes begins at the neck, but it is more becoming if the fronts of the gown are cut in a low round, with the pleat starting from the chest and flowing out in a rich fold to the feet.

Capes that need a little renovating may be smartened up by the addition of a velvet Medici collar continued in gradually narrowing stole bands to the edge of the fronts. A narrow pleating of surah, folded double, forms a pretty edge to the collar and fronts. This, of course, is only possible on plain capes with the fronts and backs falling direct from the collar; if there is a yoke the Medici collar with stole fronts will be inappropriate.



[FASHIONABLE CHAPEAUX.]

FIG. 1. Black straw hat, the brim turned up at the back; bow of green ribbon velvet in front, and another bow and bunch of wild oats at the back. Black velvet strings.

FIG. 2. Capote of fancy straw, trimmed with a drape of maize-coloured crepon, fancy bird at the back and black velvet strings.

ticularly well in long basqued jackets, unless they are very short as well as stout, and then the basques must be modified. The basques are not always added, and they may be short or long, plain, or cut in square or lance-headed tabs; the front invariably opens over a waistcoat of some description, the lines dividing the bust into several parts, being a great advantage to stout figures, while there is nothing to increase the bulk at the waist and round the hips.

A great deal of fanciful ornamentation is permitted on the added basques of jackets, and this fashion will be still further developed as the season advances. At present mousquetaire ornaments, dividing the basques lengthwise, are the favourite style of trimming, and are adopted both for Louis XIV. and Louis XV. jackets. All styles of jackets are equally fashionable, so that the shape that is either most becoming or most convenient may be adopted. The Louis XIV. jacket

Myra's * Answers * to * Correspondents. *

GENERAL RULES FOR CORRESPONDENTS.

1. Letters asking questions should be written on one side of the paper only, and one question only asked on the same page.

2. Letters requiring answers in next month's JOURNAL should reach MYRA by the 4th of the month. Letters received after this date can only be answered in the following number.

3. Letters will be answered in the JOURNAL in the order in which they arrive.

4. In cases where immediate advice is necessary upon any particular Toilette or Dress, on Furniture and Furnishing, on Needlework, Household Management, Etiquette, Employment for Women, upon Health and Personal Attention, or other subjects, MYRA will reply to inquiries by post. In order to meet the expenses attending inquiries and correspondence, with letters requiring such answers by post, 12 postage stamps should be enclosed.

All letters to be addressed to MYRA, 204, Regent Street, London, W.

MYRA'S ANSWERS ON DRESS AND FASHION.

SPECIAL RULES FOR CORRESPONDENTS.

1. Letters regarding the purchase, making-up, and alteration of dresses, &c., should describe height, figure, complexion, and shade of hair, in order that each case may be artistically considered.

2. Photographs are useful and may be sent. These will be returned to the owners, but should always be accompanied by a stamped envelope.

GRACE.—There are other ways out of the difficulty besides the one you suggest; line all the gores of your skirt, but cut the lining the full length of the skirt; round the edge put two folded bands of the material, two tucks in fact, the upper one covering the top of the lower fold, and each tuck about two inches wide. Then turn up the edge of the skirt to fall like a third tuck, and to hide the stitches sew on a fine jet cord two inches above the edge. The jacket would look well edged with similar jet cord, and you can make it from the pattern given with this number.

MRS. W.—Yes, it is quite true that paniers are coming in again; they are not very obtrusive at present, and may never become so, and, at any rate for some time to come, you can make your dresses without paniers if you dislike them. At the same time, for a tall and slender figure such as yours these draperies, made in lace or any soft fabric, are a very becoming fashion. You will find some good and reasonable examples in this number at pages 4, 9, (fig. 2), and 30. Skirts draped at the sides to form paniers are also worn, and these are very graceful when well made.

VIEILLE FILLE.—A black broché silk with pattern in colours would make you an admirable dress for the wedding. Get it if possible in black and bright copper colour, and make the dress with a demi-trained gored

skirt edged with a six-inch wide lace flounce, put on with a little jet trimming on the heading. A pointed bodice trimmed with lace would suit you, and you could use the lace for an added basque and coquillé down the front of the bodice; or you could have a jacket bodice opening over a waistcoat of copper-

the dress on page 10, that is, tan-coloured velveteen for the tea gown, and turquoise-blue crépon or surah for the full front and under sleeves. Pink, pale green, or mauve would look equally well with the tan velveteen. There is nothing particularly new in tea-gowns, but we can send you some illustrations to choose from.

2. See the coloured fashion plate for a fashionable style of waistcoat, open a little at the neck and with short added basques.

MATER.—1. Your little girl is too young for such a womanly costume, a plain sailor dress of blue serge with a single row of narrow white braid on the hem, white braid on the collar and cuffs and a white vest would be much more appropriate. If you want something smarter, make the skirt in pleats with white serge under and between the pleats, and put more white on the bodice, or make the blouse entirely white, and finish off the costume with a dark blue reefer jacket. 2. Tan leather shoes and tan coloured silk or thread stockings would be very pretty with the white and light coloured blouse frocks.

DORIS.—1. The panel would look better at the side than in front, and you can make it of three flounces drawn in at the head with mauve ribbon tied in a bow in the centre, or you can head each flounce with a ruche of mauve ribbon or silk. 2. Put a graduated flounce of the delaine across the front, and gore the back breadths. Bands of ribbon round the bodice, in the style of the dress on page 7, or cut the bodice in a low round over a chemisette of lace. Look also at the bodices of the second figures on pages 8 and 9, you can gather some hints from these.

IN DOUBT.—All the materials you name are good and useful, but serge is the best of all for your purpose. You must have a good one, and had better send to Egerton Burnett, Wellington, Somerset, for patterns. Make a plain gored skirt, like Fig. 5 in the Lesson in Dressmaking, but omitting the train at the back, and line it with a deep hem of the same. No foundation skirt is wanted, and no tapes to tie the skirt back, therefore it will not take you long to make. Instead of a bodice with added basque, make an open jacket of the serge, either from the cut-out paper pattern, or like that of the coloured plate. In either case you can add a rolled collar with revers to the waist and gauntlet cuffs, but make these of the serge so that you can change the waistcoat or shirt at will. You should also have a Swiss belt of serge to wear with the shirts. One of the new sailor-shaped felt hats would look very well with the dress. You could have it in plain grey with grey wings and blue velvet, or in dark blue with white or straw-coloured wings and blue velvet. The velvet is put straight round the crown with a double flat bow crossed by a buckle in front. The wings lie back on the crown.

CHRISTINE.—The stripes may be either perpendicular or diagonal, and the braid need not be in the same colour as the dress material or else in black. A third colour is often used for the braid, for instance a red serge gown worn at Cowes has the braiding in green on white, the border of the skirt, the collar, cuffs, and waistcoat being all carried out in this way. The space between the rows of braid is the same width as the braid. For a useful dress we should suggest



SEA-SIDE COSTUMES.

FIG. 1. Little girl's dress of blue silk trimmed with a deep flounce of guipure. Low bodice without sleeves, with a flounce of guipure round the shoulders, and black velvet sash fastened on the left side with a rosette. Hat of white embroidery with a bow of blue ribbon in front. Quantity of material required, silk 4 yards.

Fig. 2. Dress of green crépon edged with a flounce headed by a band of guipure with points falling over the flounce. Blouse bodice fastened invisibly, and mounted on a rounded yoke of guipure with scalloped guipure forming a bertha. Full sleeve with deep cuff of guipure. Capeline of guipure on a wired frame. Quantity of material required, 8 yards.

For Prices of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of DESCRIPTIONS.

coloured velvet trimmed with jet. The bonnet should be of copper-coloured velvet with jet trimming on the brim, and black feathers and copper-coloured aigrette. No outdoor garment need be worn.

ELAINE.—We should certainly advise the addition of a tea-gown to the trousseau, but it is rather too late in the season to make it of so thin a material as crépon. As it will not be worn before December, why not make it of Louis velveteen, and in the colours suggested for

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Jackets are as universal a fashion as plain skirts, and are on the whole easier to wear. The stout look par-

with added basques is particularly convenient for renovations that demand compromises, for not only can the waistcoat be of any kind, but the basques and cuffs can always be made of another material, provided it matches the jacket in colour. Louis XV. and Louis XVI. jackets are often made of velvet or cloth harmonising with, but not matching, the skirt, and these are worn with a variety of waistcoats in different styles and materials, made of broché, of plain silk or satin loaded with lovely embroidery, and finished off with a large Molière cravat in old point lace.

White waistcoats will be worn till quite late in the season, either in silk or cloth, and many of them are enriched with embroidery. Waistcoats of light-coloured silk are equally pretty and rather more serviceable; a very good example is a waistcoat of pale blue glacé silk fastened with little dead gold buttons. The edges of the waistcoat, down the front and round the basque, are cut in rounded scallops worked over with silk, and there is a button-hole in each scallop down the front. A very pretty dress of beetle brown cloth, striped with blue, has a blue waistcoat with a band of brown passementerie in open rings on the edges of the short added basques, and the edge of the flat skirt is trimmed with a band of the passementerie.

The manner of mounting trains, which in dressy costumes, are of the same material as the waistcoat, is left very much to the dressmaker. They may be gathered, arranged in close flat pleats, or mounted in a single Watteau pleat. In nearly all cases the train is made to frame the fourreau skirt, the only part that is trimmed, and all the fulness is thrown well to the back. A very pretty style is to mount the train more to the front than usual, and then to catch up the material towards the back, leaving a very small and coquettish-looking little panier drapery.

For evening dresses small panier draperies in lace, drawn up at the back of the hip with a bow and then ending in a coquillé drapery falling to the edge of the skirt on each side of the train, are very much liked; the coquillé terminates in a fan pleating, or a bow of the lace or of ribbon. The lace that was so much used for trimming summer walking dresses may now be transferred to evening toilettes; lace jackets are charming for evening wear, and may be worn over any light-coloured dresses.

The stole front, or straight Watteau pleat, is conspicuous on redingotes and tea-gowns, but is certainly best adapted to these last. In redingotes the pleat begins on the chest, where it is about four inches wide, and very shallow, and spreads out at the feet to twice this width, with a deep fold in the pleat. In tea-gowns the pleat sometimes begins at the neck, but it is more becoming if the fronts of the gown are cut in a low round, with the pleat starting from the chest and flowing out in a rich fold to the feet.

Capes that need a little renovating may be smartened up by the addition of a velvet Medici collar continued in gradually narrowing stole bands to the edge of the fronts. A narrow pleating of surah, folded double, forms a pretty edge to the collar and fronts. This, of course, is only possible on plain capes with the fronts and backs falling direct from the collar; if there is a yoke the Medici collar with stole fronts will be inappropriate.



[FASHIONABLE CHAPEAUX.

FIG. 1. Black straw hat, the brim turned up at the back; bow of green ribbon velvet in front, and another bow and bunch of wild oats at the back. Black velvet strings.

FIG. 2. Capote of fancy straw, trimmed with a drapery of maize-coloured crêpon, fancy bird at the back and black velvet strings.

ticularly well in long basqued jackets, unless they are very short as well as stout, and then the basques must be modified. The basques are not always added, and they may be short or long, plain, or cut in square or lance-headed tabs; the front invariably opens over a waistcoat of some description, the lines dividing the bust into several parts, being a great advantage to stout figures, while there is nothing to increase the bulk at the waist and round the hips.

A great deal of fanciful ornamentation is permitted on the added basques of jackets, and this fashion will be still further developed as the season advances. At present mousquetaire ornaments, dividing the basques lengthwise, are the favourite style of trimming, and are adopted both for Louis XIV. and Louis XV. jackets. All styles of jackets are equally fashionable, so that the shape that is either most becoming or most convenient may be adopted. The Louis XIV. jacket

Myra's Answers to Correspondents.

GENERAL RULES FOR CORRESPONDENTS.

1. Letters asking questions should be written on one side of the paper only, and one question only asked on the same page.

2. Letters requiring answers in next month's JOURNAL should reach MYRA by the 4th of the month. Letters received after this date can only be answered in the following number.

3. Letters will be answered in the JOURNAL in the order in which they arrive.

4. In cases where immediate advice is necessary upon any particular Toilette or Dress, on Furniture and Furnishing, on Needlework, Household Management, Etiquette, Employment for Women, upon Health and Personal Attention, or other subjects, MYRA will reply to inquiries by post. In order to meet the expenses attending inquiries and correspondence, with letters requiring such answers by post, 12 postage stamps should be enclosed.

All letters to be addressed to MYRA, 204, Regent Street, London, W.

MYRA'S ANSWERS ON DRESS AND FASHION.

SPECIAL RULES FOR CORRESPONDENTS.

1. Letters regarding the purchase, making-up, and alteration of dresses, &c., should describe height, figure, complexion, and shade of hair, in order that each case may be artistically considered.

2. Photographs are useful and may be sent. These will be returned to the owners, but should always be accompanied by a stamped envelope.

GRACE.—There are other ways out of the difficulty besides the one you suggest; line all the gores of your skirt, but cut the lining the full length of the skirt; round the edge put two folded bands of the material, two tucks in fact, the upper one covering the top of the lower fold, and each tuck about two inches wide. Then turn up the edge of the skirt to fall like a third tuck, and to hide the stitches sew on a fine jet cord two inches above the edge. The jacket would look well edged with similar jet cord, and you can make it from the pattern given with this number.

MRS. W.—Yes, it is quite true that paniers are coming in again; they are not very obtrusive at present, and may never become so, and, at any rate for some time to come, you can make your dresses without paniers if you dislike them. At the same time, for a tall and slender figure such as yours these draperies, made in lace or any soft fabric, are a very becoming fashion. You will find some good and reasonable examples in this number at pages 4, 9, (fig. 2), and 30. Skirts draped at the sides to form paniers are also worn, and these are very graceful when well made.

VIEILLE FILLE.—A black broché silk with pattern in colours would make you an admirable dress for the wedding. Get it if possible in black and bright copper colour, and make the dress with a demi-trained gored

skirt edged with a six-inch wide lace flounce, put on with a little jet trimming on the heading. A pointed bodice trimmed with lace would suit you, and you could use the lace for an added basque and coquillé down the front of the bodice; or you could have a jacket bodice opening over a waistcoat of copper-

the dress on page 10, that is, tan-coloured velveteen for the tea gown, and turquoise-blue crépon or surah for the full front and under sleeves. Pink, pale green, or mauve would look equally well with the tan velveteen. There is nothing particularly new in tea-gowns, but we can send you some illustrations to choose from.

2. See the coloured fashion plate for a fashionable style of waistcoat, open a little at the neck and with short added basques.

MATER.—1. Your little girl is too young for such a womanly costume, a plain sailor dress of blue serge with a single row of narrow white braid on the hem, white braid on the collar and cuffs and a white vest would be much more appropriate. If you want something smarter, make the skirt in pleats with white serge under and between the pleats, and put more white on the bodice, or make the blouse entirely white, and finish off the costume with a dark blue reefer jacket. 2. Tan leather shoes and tan coloured silk or thread stockings would be very pretty with the white and light coloured blouse frocks.

DORIS.—1. The panel would look better at the side than in front, and you can make it of three flounces drawn in at the head with mauve ribbon tied in a bow in the centre, or you can head each flounce with a ruche of mauve ribbon or silk. 2. Put a graduated flounce of the delaine across the front, and gore the back breadths. Bands of ribbon round the bodice, in the style of the dress on page 7, or cut the bodice in a low round over a chemisette of lace. Look also at the bodices of the second figures on pages 8 and 9, you can gather some hints from these.

IN DOUBT.—All the materials you name are good and useful, but serge is the best of all for your purpose. You must have a good one, and had better send to Egerton Burnett, Wellington, Somerset, for patterns. Make a plain gored skirt, like Fig. 5 in the Lesson in Dressmaking, but omitting the train at the back, and line it with a deep hem of the same. No foundation skirt is wanted, and no tapes to tie the skirt back, therefore it will not take you long to make. Instead of a bodice with added basque, make an open jacket of the serge, either from the cut-out paper pattern, or like that of the coloured plate. In either case you can add a rolled collar with revers to the waist and gauntlet cuffs, but make these of the serge so that you can change the waistcoat or shirt at will. You should also have a Swiss belt of serge to wear with the shirts. One of the new sailor-shaped felt hats would look very well with the dress. You could have it in plain grey with grey wings and blue velvet, or in dark blue with white or straw-coloured wings and blue velvet. The velvet is put straight round the crown with a double flat bow crossed by a buckle in front. The wings lie back on the crown.

CHRISTINE.—The stripes may be either perpendicular or diagonal, and the braid need not be in the same colour as the dress material or else in black. A third colour is often used for the braid, for instance a red serge gown worn at Cowes has the braiding in green on white, the border of the skirt, the collar, cuffs, and waistcoat being all carried out in this way. The space between the rows of braid is the same width as the braid. For a useful dress we should suggest



SEA-SIDE COSTUMES.

FIG. 1. Little girl's dress of blue silk trimmed with a deep flounce of guipure. Low bodice without sleeves, with a flounce of guipure round the shoulders, and black velvet sash fastened on the left side with a rosette. Hat of white embroidery with a bow of blue ribbon in front. Quantity of material required, silk 4 yards.

FIG. 2. Dress of green crépon edged with a flounce headed by a band of guipure with points falling over the flounce. Blouse bodice fastened invisibly, and mounted on a rounded yoke of guipure with scalloped guipure forming a berth. Full sleeve with deep cuff of guipure. Capeline of guipure on a wired frame. Quantity of material required, 8 yards.

For Prices of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of DESCRIPTIONS.

coloured velvet trimmed with jet. The bonnet should be of copper-coloured velvet with jet trimming on the brim, and black feathers and copper-coloured aigrette. No outdoor garment need be worn.

ELAINE.—We should certainly advise the addition of a tea-gown to the trousseau, but it is rather too late in the season to make it of so thin a material as crépon. As it will not be worn before December, why not make it of Louis velveteen, and in the colours suggested for

for the sands, etc. to be in pale tan braided in diagonal lines with black. A plain vest, fitted by a seam down the centre, but with the fastening on one side under the jacket front, and with the braiding in unbroken diagonal lines carried right across the vest would be easiest to make, and would correspond with the band on the skirt. If you prefer a waistcoat fastened down the centre, make the rows of braid meet in points down the front. The waistcoat or vest should be open at the neck in a small V point to show the shirt front with high collar and tie.



THE LIZA CAPOTE.

Capote of fine straw, fluted in front. Trimming of rockets in shades of mauve falling from the centre of the crown, and bow and strings of green velvet.

MISS W.—The long-waisted appearance is given partly by the corset and partly by the cut of the bodice. Corsets are made very deep over the hips, and very high at the top, the sides rising close under the arm-pits. The bodice must be made to fit very accurately round the armhole, allowing only just enough room for



THE CELINE CAPOTE.

Black lace capote studded with jet; in front a pleating of lace and jet aigrette; similar pleating at the back with jet peacock's head and feather aigrette. Black velvet strings.

the arm to move with comfort. If the armhole is loose in front, or, still worse, cut low and left loose under the arm, it will be impossible to make the figure look long-waisted.

SNIPS.—1. The only suggestion we can make is to have the foundation skirt, short that is a convenient walking length, and the overskirt only slightly trained,

so that it can be lifted alone with one hand. Of course in this case, as the foundation skirt will be more or less visible when the overskirt is raised, it must be of silk or of the dress material. A plain silk would do quite well under your striped silk. 2. No, the gores cut on the cross would not look well, unless you made the stripes meet in mitred points, and this is very troublesome.

MYRA'S ANSWERS ON HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT.

MRS. B.—Remains of cold boiled bacon and ham can be used up in many ways; bacon is an excellent substitute for suet in veal stuffing, and ham is required for all savoury forcemeats. Ham minced fine and warmed up over the fire, with beaten-up egg or mumbled egg, and laid upon hot toast makes a very nice breakfast dish. Bacon-pie, though a humble, is by no means an unpalatable dish for lunch or early dinner. You fill a shallow pie-dish with alternate layers of neatly trimmed slices of bacon, and slices of hard boiled eggs, flavour with pepper, salt, and finely minced herbs, add a very little stock, put a cover of puff paste over the top, and then bake in the ordinary way.

JOSEPHA.—The process you describe is so very nearly correct that we think the fault may be in the flour. Oatmeal, very fine of course, is often used in



THE PARAME HAT.

Black straw hat with bow of white lace in front, and trimming of maize-coloured velvet, ribbon and marguerites.

France in preference to wheaten flour for the paste of the bouchées. Try once, more using oatmeal and following these directions, which are taken from a very good source. Heap the meal on a board, make a hole in the middle, put in a small quantity of salt and melt it with a little water; then add enough water to mix the paste, work it in gradually with the tips of the fingers, knead very lightly and leave the paste for twenty minutes. You must see that the paste is of the same consistence as the butter, otherwise the two will not combine properly. Roll out the paste in a flat thick round, squeeze the butter in a cloth to press the moisture out, and then put it in the middle of the paste, turn the edges towards the centre, covering up the butter, make it in a square shape and leave it for ten minutes in a cool place. Roll out twice, leave it for fifteen minutes, and roll twice for the third time. It is now ready for rolling out thin and cutting into shape. The soft paste inside must always be taken out before the bouchées are filled. The white meat of chickens, sweetbreads, truffles and mushrooms make the best filling for the bouchées.

MYRA'S ANSWERS ON ETIQUETTE.

MARIE.—1. A formal invitation to a picnic would be rather out of character; a friendly note would be

the best form of invitation, even to a mere acquaintance. 2. The place and time of meeting must be very clearly stated. 3. If the picnic is an invitation affair the hosts must find the means of conveyance. Intimate friends can be asked to provide for themselves, if practicable, but not strangers who would be put to considerable trouble and expense.

MISCELLANEA!

IRENE.—Flowers that arrive in faded condition after a long journey through the post can sometimes be revived by putting the stalks into boiling water and



THE ANTOINETTE CAPOTE.

Capote of bronze straw with fluted brim; a wreath of velvet roses round the crown, and bow and strings of bronze velvet.

leaving them until the flowers have recovered. Then the parts of the stalks that have been in the hot water must be cut off and the flowers arranged in cold water. It is a mistake to pack flowers closely for travelling, with the idea of sending a large number;



THE MIGNON HAT.

Bronze straw hat with violets falling round the crown, and large bow of bronze velvet.

it is better to receive a few fresh, uncrushed flowers than a larger number that have been packed so closely as to be only fit to throw away. Roses and all good flowers should have a little bit of wet moss or wadding folded round the end of the stalk; small flowers may be tied together in little bunches and protected in the same way; wadding should also be laid round the blossoms to prevent them from resting on and crushing each other.



FASHIONABLE PROMENADE COSTUMES.
For Prices of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of DESCRIPTIONS.

Myra's Answers on Health and Personal Attention.

LILLIAN.—We are very sorry not to be able to help you in this matter, or to suggest what the liquid was. The only possible solution of the strange attraction of the hair, possessed by the leather in question, is that electricity was in some way brought to bear.

SARA.—Electrolysis is an excellent method for removing superfluous hairs, but as it is a very costly process, perhaps you had better try a good depilatory. We always recommend that prepared by Mr. Mason, as it is easy to use, perfectly harmless, and very economical. Upon receipt of postal order for 2s., Mr. Mason will send you a bottle with full directions. His address is Bank Plain, Norwich.

LADY X.—The best flowers to dry for pot-pourri are the petals of red roses, lavender and syringa, and the leaves of the scented geraniums, woodruffe and lemon verberna. Almost all geranium leaves have more or less perfume.

DAPHNE.—It is not the real thing; the veritable Eau de Ninon can only be had of the Parfumerie Ninon (Maison Leconte, 31, Rue du Quatre Septembre, Paris). It can be sent to you by post; a small bottle, post free, is about 6fr. 50c. At the same time send also for some of the Cold Cream de Ninon, at 3fr. 50c. per pot.

PAMELA.—(1) The charcoal of the areca nut. (2) To get rid of freckles, the best preparation we know of for the purpose is the new Freckle Cure, which is a combination of a favourite prescription of Sir Erasmus Wilson's with the actual fatty substance of the skin and hair which has been recently isolated in a state of absolute purity from sheep's wool. This enables the remedy to penetrate much more thoroughly into the skin, in the centre layer of which the freckles lie. The cure is in two preparations, a cream to be applied at night, and a wash in the morning. It is prepared by Mr. Mason, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Norwich, who sends it post free to any address for 4s. 6d.

VIVA NO. 2.—1. The following curling fluid can be made and bottled for use. Dissolve 1 oz. of the finest white gum arabic, and 2½ oz. of good moist sugar in ¾ pint of hot water. When cold, add to it a solution of six grains of powdered corrosive sublimate and the same quantity of sal-ammoniac dissolved in two fluid ounces of rectified spirit. Mix together and add enough water to make one pint and add a little perfume to taste. Moisten the hair with the fluid before curling. 2. You should clothe yourself from head to foot in flannel as a first precaution, and always carry in your pocket a Carbolic Smoke Ball; this will often check a cold in the head at once. For the sore throat try the effect of the potash tabloids which you can procure of any good chemist. 3. No lotion would have the effect you wish if only used for a week or so. The lotion is quite harmless and can be used at any time, but in your case we should rather recommend Beetham's Glycerine and Cucumber, to be used after washing the face, and in fact at any time. 4. Yes, for the astringent tonic it will not harm or discolour the skin. 5. Mr. Mason's Jaborandi Hair Tonic, or a good quinine lotion. 6. Rub the scars with warm almond or olive oil.

INQUIRER.—You ask "What is Jaborandi, about which much has appeared in the newspapers, and is it really any good for making the hair grow?" Jaborandi is a South American plant used in medicine, and some years ago the active principle of this plant was discovered to have the property of inducing a vigorous growth of the hair, and also of restoring its colour. Since then it has been used with great success, and Mr. Mason, of Norwich, at the suggestion of the late Dr. Anna Kingsford, brought out a Jaborandi Hair Tonic, which is certainly the most powerful and

elegant preparation with which we have met. You will find further particulars in Mr. Mason's advertisement.

LA FRANCE.—Tincture of myrrh and borax as used in England is generally made with Eau de Cologne eight parts, myrrh one part, and borax one part. Macerate for ten days and filter. The borax will not all dissolve.

really excellent stain for the lighter shades of brown hair, and is purely vegetable. The combination with nutgalls renders the walnut extract much more permanent and satisfactory. Send postal order for 3s. 6d. to P. H. Mason, Bank Plain, Norwich, and he will send you a bottle free by post.

HALCYON.—Do not attempt to use such a strong alkaline wash—the skin is sure to suffer by it in the way of roughness and redness—nor do we think it would be of much use in cleansing the skin. Lightly oil your fingers always before you begin work.

JANET.—1. Benzoin lotion would have the effect; any chemist will prepare it for you. 2. Friction with a lubricant is the best remedy. Rose-water and glycerine will do quite well for the lubricant.

HERON.—For preserving the complexion, and making the skin white and soft, you will find Mason's Cold Cream of Wool Fat and Cucumbers unequalled. It should be applied every night at bedtime, and its good effects will soon be visible in the removal of any roughness, redness, or excoriations, whatever be their cause. Wool Fat is a new fatty basis, exactly resembling the natural secretion, hence it cannot fail to agree with the most delicate skin. The cooling and healing effects of cucumber juice are well known, and in this preparation they are preserved in an active condition. The price is 3s. 6d., post free, and Mr. Mason's address is Bank Plain, Norwich.

CHECK.—Expressed oil of sweet almonds will be the best for your purpose. One part of white wax will be sufficient to solidify eight parts of it. It must be blended at the heat of boiling water only, and the perfume should be added when the pomade is nearly cold.

A. B. C.—Quite curable. Wash the feet daily in cold alum water, 1 ounce of alum to each quart of water, and then apply a lotion of 80 grains of permanganate of potash to 1 pint of water, and powder them well with boracic acid mixed with starch. The crystals of boracic acid must, of course, be pulverised.

MRS. M. H.—By all means discontinue the use of the soda wash for the hair; its continued use will impoverish the hair and make it dreadfully brittle. To produce the golden tint you are anxious to secure, you should use Mason's Peroxide of Hydrogen, which oxidises the colour of the hair without in any way affecting its tissue and vitality. You can obtain it, post free, and under cover, by sending P. O. for 4s. to Mr. Mason, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Norwich.

DOLLY.—The constant use of camphor is very injurious to the skin; try the other remedy named. 2. A little toilet vinegar and water is all that is needed.

MISS O'B.—The sea-weed cure, an extract of the sea-wrack (*fucus vesiculosus*), is by far the best remedy for obesity, and in fact, so far as we know the only safe one. It may be safely taken by the most delicate. You may hope for a reduction of many pounds, 20, 30, or even 40 by its use. It is prepared as a liquid extract, and as pills concentrated from the extract, for those who prefer the one or the other form of dose. Mr. Mason, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Norwich, makes a speciality of its most perfect and careful

preparation, and sends it out, post free, for 39 stamps, in cases containing 32 doses of either liquid extract or pills. A lady writes last month: "It has reduced my weight two stones and a-half."

No Toilet Preparation is more subject to fraudulent imitation than the VERITABLE EAU DE NINON, of the Parfumerie Ninon, 31, Rue du Quatre Septembre, Paris. This exquisite Lotion, which effaces wrinkles and restores whiteness to the skin and bloom to the complexion, is sent post-free on receipt of a Post Office Order for 6 francs, according to the size of the bottle, and 50 centimes extra for postage.



BRIDESMAID'S TOILETTE.

Dress of water blue foulard with white spots, the front of skirt trimmed with a valance flounce of white lace draped irregularly by lace bows. The front of bodice consists of a deep yoke of foulard with pleated plastron and low open corselet fronts of lace, fastened down with lace bows; lace paniers, pleated lace down the centre of the back, and lace sleeves to the elbow drawn in with lace bows; the lower part of sleeve of pleated foulard. White lace hat trimmed with lace and roses. Quantity of material required, foulard 15 yards.

For Prices of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of DESCRIPTIONS.

ZENOBA.—The simplest and most portable cure for insect bites that you can take with you is Vinolia Cream; it relieves the itching at once, and will cure the soreness that often follows. Take all the Vinolia preparations, soap, cream, and powder, you will find them all most useful and beneficial.

MARY T.—1. See answer to Sara. 2. We are not surprised at your failure with simple walnut juice; it lacks the necessary fixing properties. You should get Mason's extract of walnuts and nutgalls, which is a

DESCRIPTION OF OUR ENGRAVINGS

Giving Details of the Latest Styles, Colours, and Materials.

TOILETTES FOR COUNTRY FETES.—PAGE 14.

Fig. 1. Princess dress of white woollen crêpon; the fronts draped, and the right side crossing to the left and fastened by a series of black velvet tabs and strass buckles. At the edge a flounce of black crêpe with white spots. The fronts tucked at the shoulder, open over a draped white chemisette and trimmed with a pleated coquillé of the spotted crêpe. A puff and pleating to match, drawn in with velvet straps and buckles below the puffed elbow sleeves. Flower capote with a bow of green velvet in front. Quantity of material required, 7 yards.

Fig. 2. Hat of coloured straw, the brim turned up at the sides and fluted at the back. In front a drapery of embroidered tulle, a swallow on the crown and yellow aigrette.

Fig. 3. Dress of green and white striped silk; the skirt cut on the bias and trimmed at the edge in front with a wide scalloped band of tan-coloured embroidered net. Bodice cut on the straight, the fronts open and meeting at the waist, and ending in panier draperies caught up at the back. Coat sleeves with lace epaulets and cuffs. Plastron of tan-coloured crêpe de chine framed by coquillés of lace, the lace arranged to stand up over the shoulders. Hat of striped fancy straw trimmed with white velvet narcissus. Quantity of material required, 15 yards.

Fig. 4. Dress of café au lait bengaline, the skirt divided in panels of irregular width over a lace underskirt. The panels bordered with a band of heliotrope embroidery on a green ground, headed by rows of gold braid. Jacket bodice open over a lace chemisette and corselet band striped with braid; false waistcoat fronts from the shoulder; the basque divided in tabs. Elbow sleeves with embroidered jabots and lace cuffs. Black lace straw hat trimmed with yellow flowers and wings. Quantity of material required, 15 yards.

MORNING AND AFTERNOON COSTUMES FOR THE SEASIDE. PAGE 23.

Fig. 1. Jacket of light grey cloth, the basque open at the back and cut with the jacket. The front double-breasted and cut in a long V over a waistcoat of white silk, buttoned in the centre and open over a white linen shirt front and collar. Added basques with pockets at the sides; turned-down collar ending in revers; coat sleeves; large buttons on the front. Sailor hat trimmed with ribbon. Quantity of material required, 3 yards.

Fig. 2. Open jacket of tan-coloured cloth cut in one with the basques; the fronts ornamented with revers of silk to match ending at the waist, and buttons from the waist to the edge. High turned-down collar. The upper part of the sleeves puffed, the lower part of silk, very tight and buttoned on the outside. Blue and white spotted shirt. Sailor hat trimmed with ribbon. Quantity of material required, cloth, 3 yards.

Fig. 3. Little girl's dress of cornflower blue voile. The skirt ornamented with embroidery and cut in one with the low plastron, which is gauged at the waist and bordered with embroidery across the chest. Similar arrangement at the back. Polonaise of voile opening from the shoulders with revers and draped in a series of points, the paniers joined at the back and tied in a knot. Chemisette of white silk muslin. Puffed sleeve with deep embroidered cuff. Straw hat trimmed with cornflowers and light blue ribbon. Quantity of material required, 4 yards.

Fig. 4. Skirt of pale blue foulard. Corsage of printed blue foulard, the back and front cut low and without seams, and gathered at the waist and round the shoulders; folded band round the waist, fastened on the left side with little bows, puffed sleeves to the elbow, and deep cuffs of lace. Lace flounce, forming a berthe round the shoulders, and lace basque divided in tabs. Chemisette of white silk muslin. Bows of blue velvet on the sleeves and shoulders. Fancy straw hat, trimmed with blue and yellow crêpon and black wings. Quantity of material required, plain, 8 yards; printed, 3½ yards.

Fig. 5. Gored skirt of iris bengaline. Coat bodice of the same, the fronts pointed, the sides and back forming a long coat basque. The right front crosses over to the left, and is fastened in a slanting line to the point. Draped fichu of white mousseline de soie, and pleated collar and revers of white lace; lace basque in front, and deep cuffs of lace fastened with bows at intervals below the puffed sleeves. Embroidery round the edges of the bodice and basque. Lace chapeau trimmed with flowers. Quantity of material required, 15 yards.

TO THE FAIR SEX.—LADIES' HAIR COMBINGS forwarded by post, thoroughly disentangled by New Process, made up and returned in three days, for 2s. per oz. Tails of Pure Long Hair, 10s. 6d., suitable for New Style.—T. S. BROWN, Ladies' Hair Merchant, 3, Lece Street, Liverpool

FASHIONABLE PROMENADE COSTUMES.—PAGE 29.

Fig. 1. Dress of blue crêpon, with vandyke points of écreu lace let into the front of the skirt at the edge. Bodice of crêpon open over a plastron of the same; the basque short in front and in pleated coat tails at the back. Lace framing the opening, and lace corselet, with a square basque of lace ending in a coquillé down each side of the skirt. White crinoline hat trimmed with feathers and ribbon. Quantity of material required, 7 yards.

Fig. 2. Skirt of willow green foulard edged with a flounce. Coat bodice of dark green velvet, the fronts cut in a low corselet over a draped under-bodice of pale pink crêpe de chine, crossed over a velvet plastron with collar. Narrow panel of crêpe on the left side, with bows at intervals, full epaulets forming short sleeves over the velvet coat sleeves, and cuffs of crêpe. Old silver buckle fastening the draperies at the waist, and buttons to match. Velvet straps over the shoulders. Capote of pink crêpe, trimmed with flowers and pale green foliage. Quantity of material required, foulard, 10 yards; velvet, 5 yards.

Fig. 3. Dress of grey woollen, the skirt trimmed in front with two bands of steel embroidery on white silk. Plain pointed bodice fastened invisibly, the front slashed and filled in with puffings of white silk embroidered with steel. Collar, waistband, and bands on the sleeves to match. Grey straw hat trimmed with shaded pink roses or carnations. Quantity of material required, 7 yards.



SERGE CORSAGE.

The Cut-out Paper Pattern given with this number.

DESCRIPTION OF THE NEEDLEWORK DESIGNS.

NO. 1. READING DESK.—The desk is made of oak or walnut wood, and one side is ornamented with the embroidered design No. 5. The work is glued on, and fancy braid or gimp is glued on round the edge to prevent the cloth from fraying. The design may be worked on both sides if liked.

NO. 2. DESIGN IN TAPESTRY WORK.—The illustration shows one of the many varieties of fancy stitches now used for working on canvas, for footstools, rugs, and other purposes. It is worked in alternate squares of blue and old gold, five shades of each colour being required.

NO. 3. EMBROIDERED DRAPERY FOR PIANO BACK.—The drapery is a long scarf of satin sheeting embroidered and edged with fringe; it is laid over the top of the piano and falls a few inches over it in front; it is draped at the corners in little rosettes tied up with cord.

NO. 4. CORNER OF MAT IN CROSS-STITCH.—The pattern is worked with coloured silks on perforated cloth, and the squares are marked by gold thread sewn on with gold-coloured silk; the branches round the edge are worked with coarser silk in cable stitch.

NO. 5. DESIGN FOR READING DESK.—The work is executed on grey cloth; the figure of the girl is worked in two shades of pink silk, the boy in two shades of blue; the scroll and little sprays forming the border are in dull red; the bench is brown; the tree green and brown with little white flowers.

NO. 6. EMBROIDERED INSERTION.—The pattern is worked with fine white embroidery cotton in satin stitch on white cambric for trimming underlinen.

NO. 7. DESIGN FOR BORDER OF PIANO DRAPERY.—The border is an application of copper-coloured plush on China-green satin sheeting, bordered on the edges with copper-coloured silk couched on with fine silk to match. The lozenges and stars are in green chenille. The long stitches between the scallops are in copper-coloured silk.

NO. 8. SPRAY FOR PIANO DRAPERY.—The drapery is of dull China-green satin sheeting, and is about 2¼ yards wide, and 2¼ yards long; the flower is worked with silk at wide intervals in five shades of caladium, the bud is in three shades; the centre of the flower in two shades of yellow, the stalks brown, the leaves bronze green, and the bow in three shades of grey. Other colours can of course be used to suit the surroundings. The drapery is lined with flannelette and Indian silk in a dull shade of copper colour.

DESCRIPTION OF THE COLOURED FASHION PLATE.

Costume of lavender cloth with wide border in vandyke points. Jacket with open fronts and deep basque trimmed round the edge and up the sides of the basque with fine black passementerie. Rolled collar and cuffs trimmed to match. The lining of broché silk. Waistcoat of pale tan coloured bengaline with added basque and a narrow border of embroidery, opening over a gauged collar and chemisette of white silk muslin and lace. Straw hat trimmed with emerald-green velvet and carnations.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CUT OUT PAPER PATTERN.

The pattern is that of an open jacket bodice to be made of serge or tweed, to be worn with a white or coloured waistcoat, open very low down, and fastened at the waist only over a shirt front. The fronts of the jacket have a single breast pleat, the two side pieces and the back are cut in the usual way and form a plain round basque. The waistcoat has one wide breast pleat and is sloped from the shoulder to the waist, where it is fastened and ornamented on each side with three small buttons. The sleeve is in the ordinary coat shape.

The pattern of the lining of front, No. 2 of the diagram, is not given, as any ordinary front with one or two breast pleats may be used. No. 1 is the waistcoat; No. 3, the jacket front; Nos. 4 and 5, the two side pieces; No. 6, the back; No. 7, the collar; and No. 8, the sleeve.

DESCRIPTION OF OUR ARTIST'S SKETCHES.

NO. 1. Walking costume. The skirt of plain cloth bordered with a bias band of tartan cloth, and with a fan pleating a little to the left of the centre. Jacket with deep basque, the right side of plain cloth, the left side of tartan draped a little under the right front. Large buckle at the waist. Plain cloth sleeves with deep cuffs of tartan. Straw hat with fancy edge to the brim, and trimming of ribbon and a bird.

NO. 2. Travelling costume. The box-pleated skirt of plain woollen. Novel bodice of woollen to match with large white spots, cut low over a velvet yoke, and fastened on the left side; the deep basque plain in front and open on the hips. Velvet sleeves, with short open sleeves of the spotted woollen. Straw toque, trimmed with flowers.

NO. 3. Shooting costume in Scotch tweed. The short skirt is bordered with a band of tan leather. Double-breasted jacket with military plastron; plain sleeves, turned down collar, and pockets. The belt, satchel, and gaiters of leather.

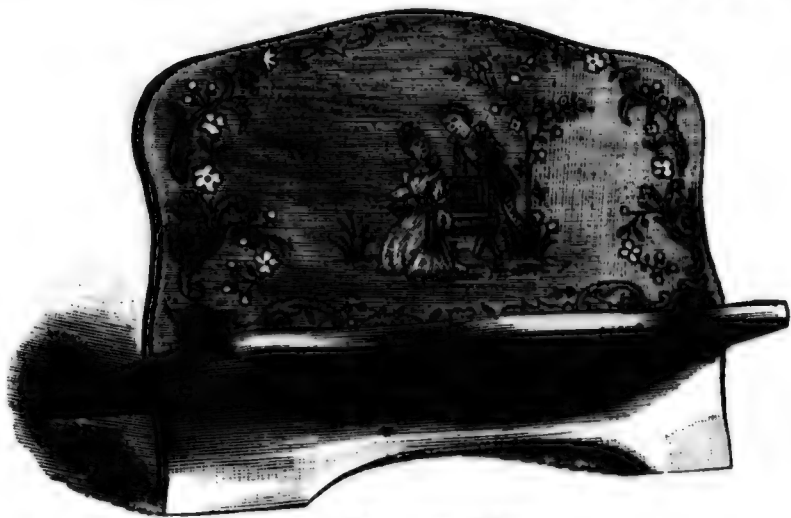
NO. 4. Shooting costume in plain and check homespun. Short skirt with fan pleating in front; full bodice mounted on a square yoke of plain material. Pockets on the skirt and deep cuffs to match. The skirt, bodice, and full sleeves cut on the cross. Cap and gaiters to match the costume.

NO. 5. Walking costume of plain amazon cloth. Plain skirt and long jacket open over a pointed waistcoat of cloth or silk, in white, or any light colour. The long pleated fronts of the jacket ornamented with embroidery; similar embroidery on the gauntlet cuffs. High stand-up collar and lace ruche round the neck. Straw hat trimmed with autumn foliage and berries.

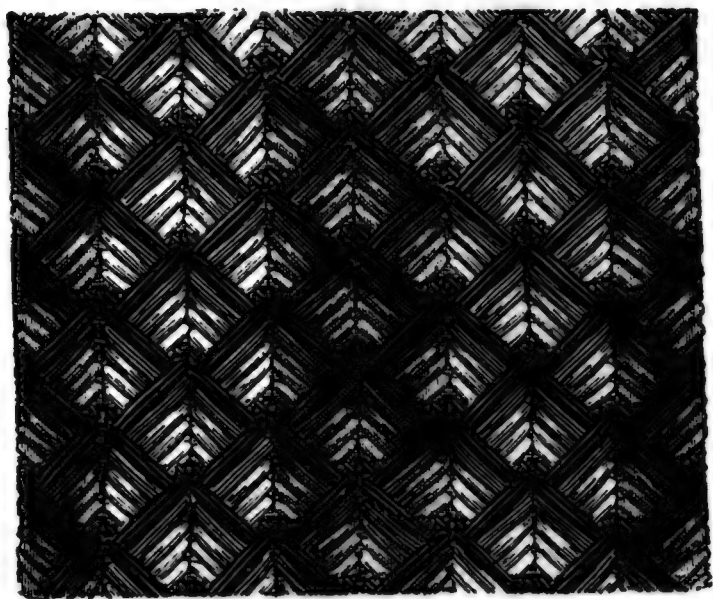
NO. 6. Smart walking costume of serge. The skirt cut in deep tabs with a braided design on each, over a white underskirt trimmed with straight rows of narrow braid. The front of jacket cut in points and richly braided, plain square basque at the sides and back. Braiding on the collar and sleeves. Velvet capote, trimmed with flowers.

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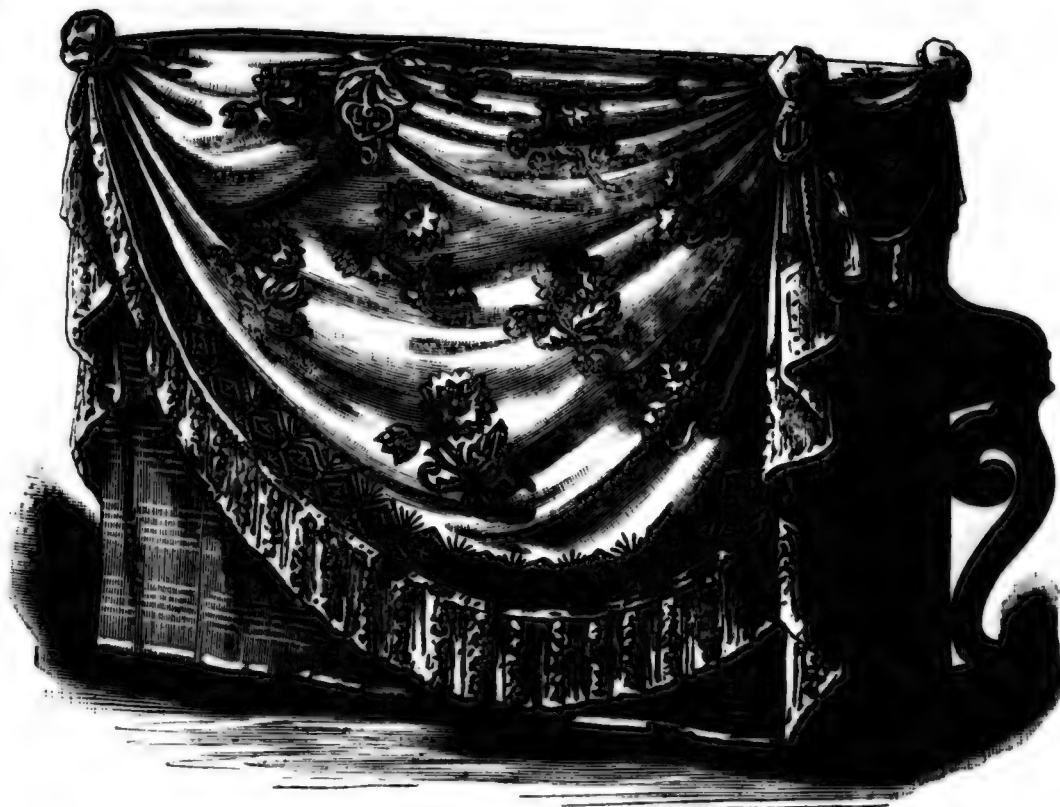
NOVELTIES IN NEEDLEWORK.



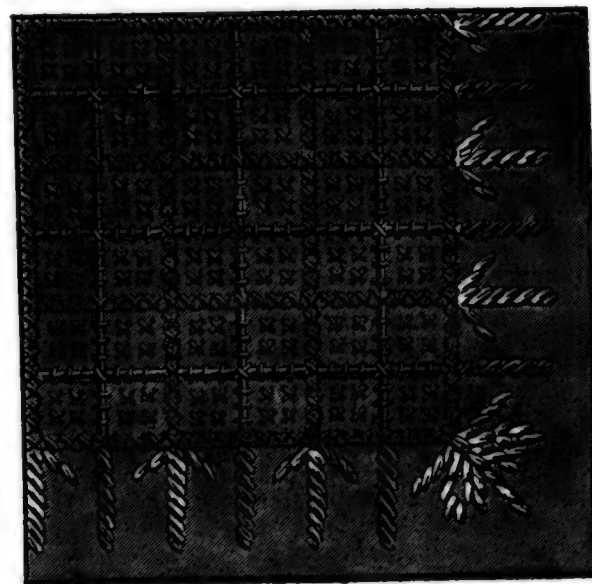
NO. 1.—READING DESK.



NO. 2.—DESIGN IN TAPESTRY WORK.



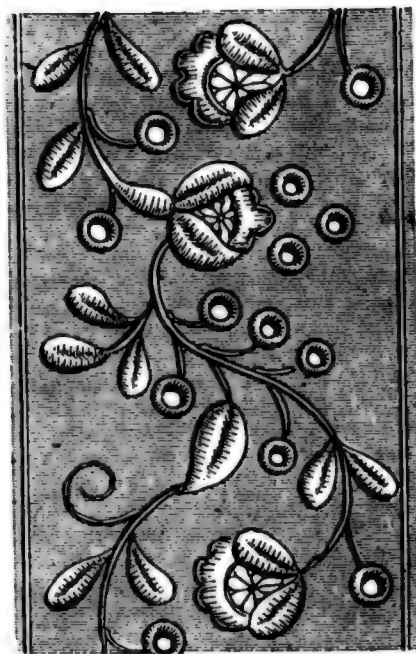
NO. 3.—EMBROIDERED DRAPERY FOR PIANO BACK.



NO. 4.—CORNER OF MAT IN CROSS-STITCH.



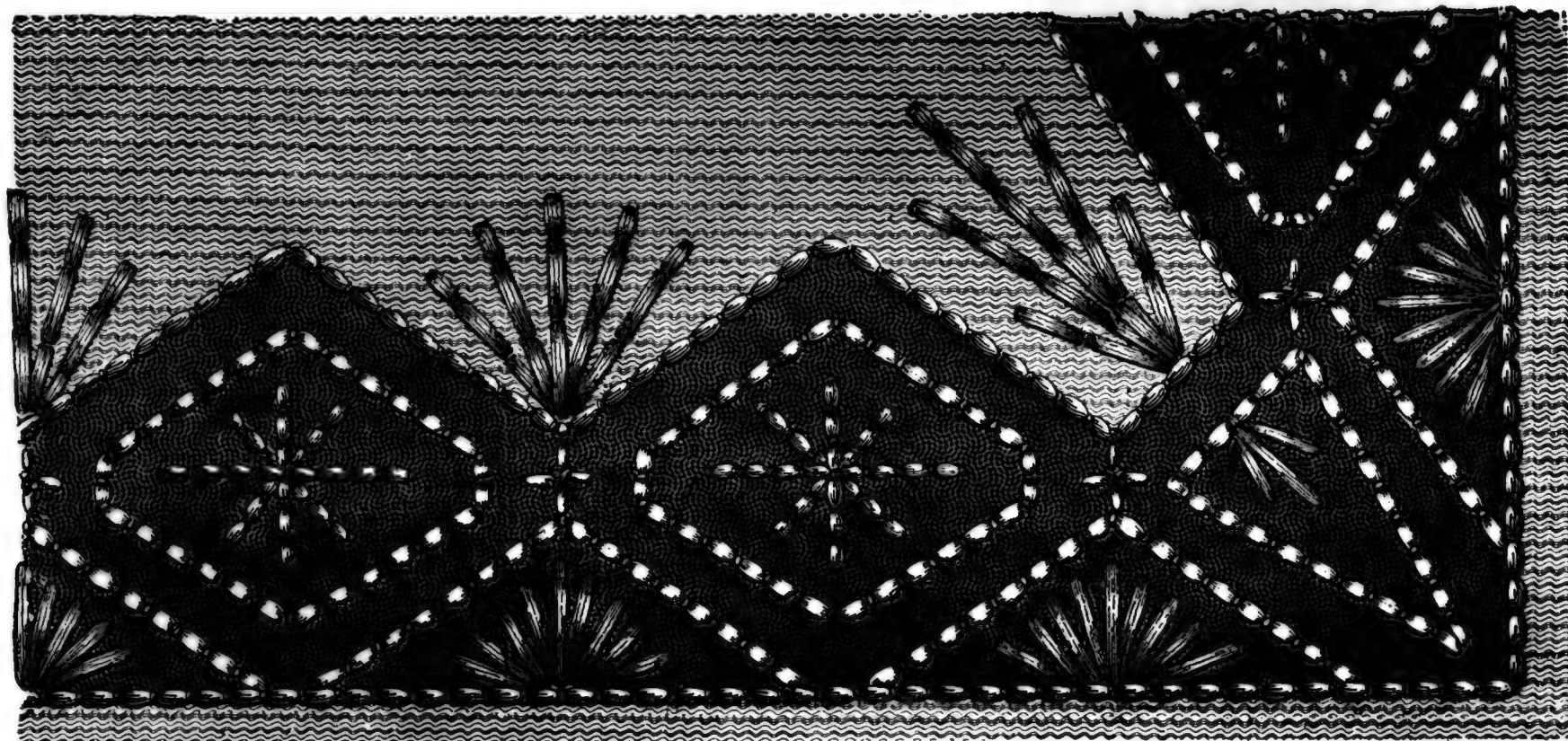
NO. 5.—DESIGN FOR READING DESK.



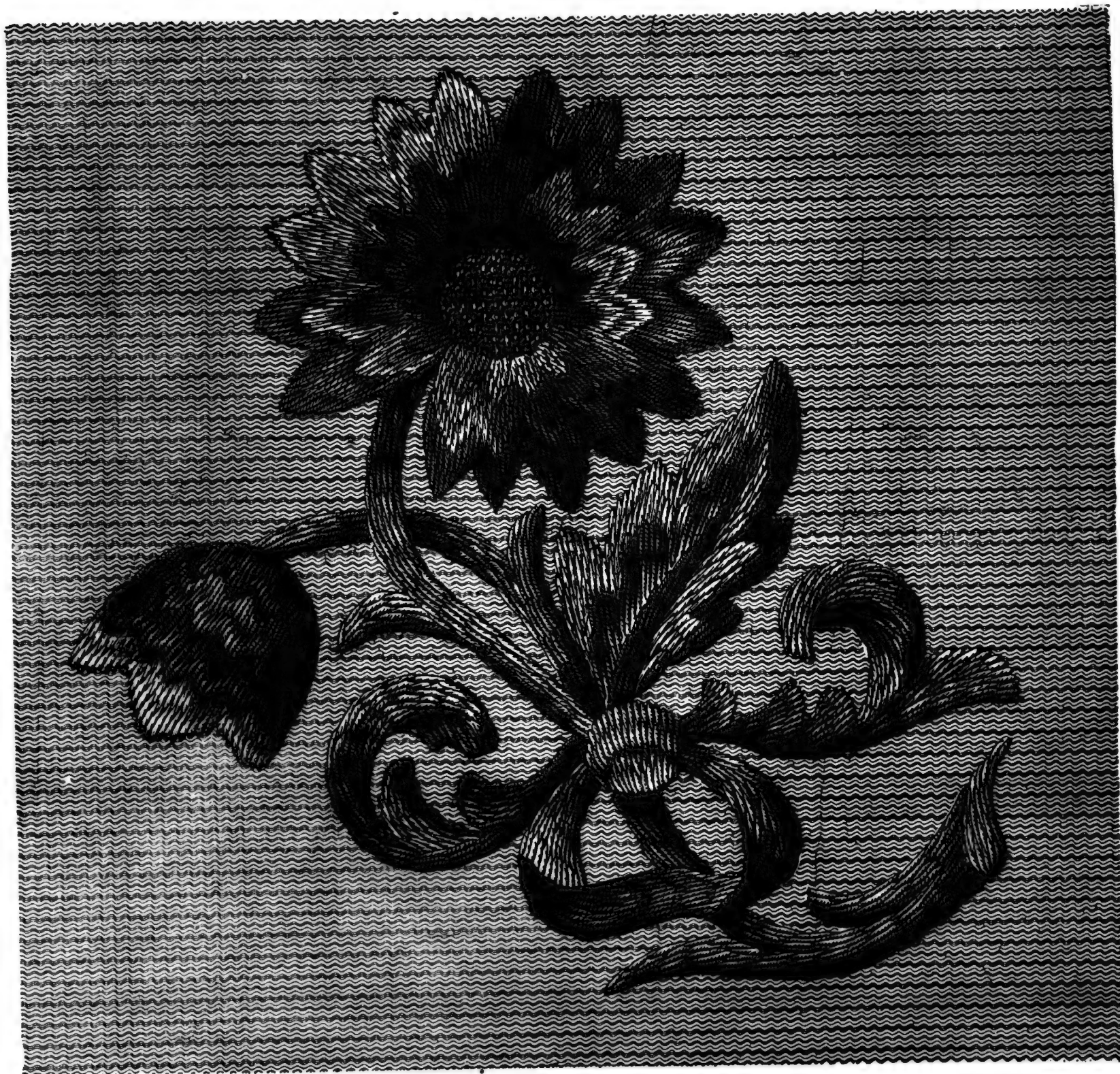
NO. 6.—EMBROIDERED INSERTION.

We beg to recommend Messrs. Walter Evans & Co., Derby, for every

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NO. 7.—DESIGN FOR BORDER OF PIANO DRAPERY.



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MEASUREMENTS REQUIRED.

....Size of Waist.	Length of Shoulder.
....Bust under Arms.	Length of Arm, Shoulder to Elbow
....Size round Shoulders.	Elbow to Wrist.
....Size across Chest.	Length inside Arm.
....Size across Back.	Size of Neck.
....Length of Back.	Size round Hips.
....Length of Neck to Waist.	
....Length under Arm.	

HOW TO USE THE TRACING WHEEL.

Place the Paper Pattern on the lining, and then run the Wheel along the edge of the Pattern you wish to transfer. The teeth of the Wheel prick through into the lining and form a perfect tracing. Turnings must be allowed for according to the character of the material beyond the tracing; Silks, Velvets, Cottons, and Firm Cloths requiring about half an inch; and Serges, Woollens, and loosely woven materials, about an inch.

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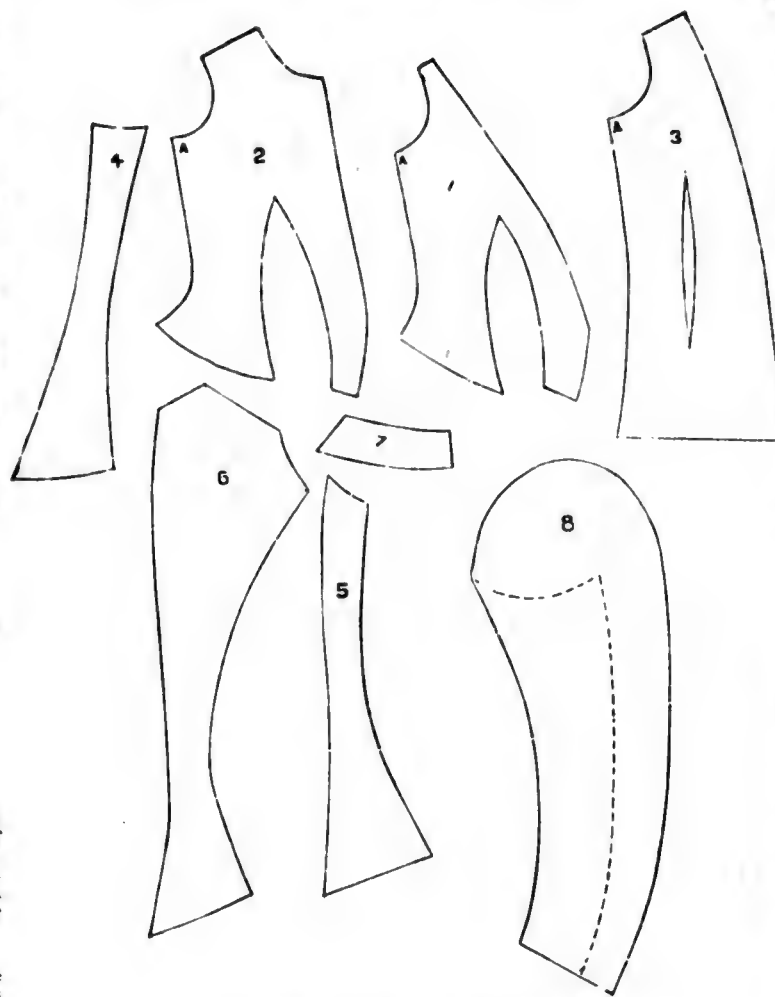


DIAGRAM OF SERGE CORSAGE.

The Cut-out Paper Pattern given with this number.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

We are unable, much to our regret, to award a first prize for the embroidered Music Portfolio Cover; none of the specimens of work sent were at all up to first prize standard, and we have therefore only awarded the second and third prizes. The portfolio cover, worked by Mrs. Foulis, is of willow-green satin sheeting, the figures are in outline, and the shades of green and other colours employed for the foliage and scroll are well blended. Miss Humfrey's work, although more elaborate, is less satisfactory as to execution and taste in the choice of colours.

OUT OF TOWN.

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NEEDLEWORK AS AN OCCUPATION.

(Reprint from "HEARTH AND HOME.")

In the anxiety to find new occupations, some of the older ones are apt to be overlooked, needlework among the number. Once upon a time—that was the correct expression then—reading, writing, arithmetic, and sewing, with a slight smattering of French "as she was spoke" in seminaries for young ladies, and a knowledge of some artistic accomplishment such as the modelling of flowers in wax, constituted a liberal education; but most important of all was skill with the needle. In those days it was not considered a grievous sin to spell one word in two or more different ways; on the other hand, it was taken rather as a sign of ingenuity in the writer. But the girl whose stitches varied by so much as a hairbreadth was a most shocking person.

All this is changed now. It is no infrequent thing to meet girls who cannot, or pretend they cannot, do the plainest sewing, and few indeed would be the number of those possessed of sufficient skill to make a living out of it. If obliged to support themselves, they turn to something else. It has, therefore, fallen into neglect, all thinking it the last thing likely to yield a fair return for their time and trouble.

But it is especially to those who will qualify themselves to teach it, that needlework may be commended as a means of earning a livelihood. In all the High Schools and Board Schools throughout the kingdom it is now taught, and examinations in the subject are held periodically by competent examiners. The work gives remunerative employment to many ladies, and, as the system spreads, still more will be wanted. Even now there is a great demand for competent teachers who hold the diploma of the London Institute for the Advancement of Plain Needlework, a most useful society founded by Mrs. Floyer, who for a long time occupied the post of examiner to the London School Board.

NEW MUSIC.

Violinists, especially those who are not yet very far advanced in the difficult art of playing the violin, will be glad to know that Mr. Charles Woolhouse, of 81, Regent Street, has recently added several very pretty new pieces to his already long list of music of this description.

One of these, "Album Leaf," by E. Moira Walsh, is a charming Andante. A Serenade, for violoncello and piano, by W. Noel Johnson, is very melodious and pleasing.

"No More," the last new song by L. Denza, with words by F. Weatherley, published by Cramer and Co., is very simple, but is none the less an effective drawing-room song. It is remarkably vocal, and this alone constitutes a great charm.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

All about the Royal Navy. By W. LAIRD CLOWES. (Cassell and Co.) This is an excellent handbook, and especially interesting to the women of England. For who of us has not a friend or relative of some degree among the 90,000 officers and men of the Royal Navy and Naval Reserve? Here, then, for a shilling, we have all that we can wish to know about the past and present state of the Navy, its duties and strength, the methods of entering the service, its practical details, and the conditions under which English sailors may at any time be called upon to meet the enemies of their country. This book is indispensable as a companion to those who can go, and a consolation to those who cannot go, to the Naval Exhibition at Chelsea.

Sweet Content, by Mrs. MOLESWORTH. (Griffith.) Mrs. Molesworth's story for children is pleasant reading for very young folks. Like most of this author's tales, "Sweet Content" deals only with rather commonplace, everyday incidents, and the tragedy is essentially of the "teacup" order. The contrast between Constantia, the spoiled but good-hearted rich child, and Evéy, busy, happy, easily contented, but lacking wealth, is pointed without undue insistence. The book is very beautifully got up, the illustrations are charming—though the children's figures look too small for their age—and little ones will doubtless read with enjoyment this simple history, which is marked by refinement and an excellent tone. These are qualities by no means common in modern story-books, which usually appear to be written on the understanding that goody-goodness shall be accepted as a perfect substitute for correct grammar and style.

Unequally Yoked.—By Mrs. Needell. (Oliphant.) This is a story of a clergyman who poses as something of a saint, prefers the East End to the West, and feels he has a call to mission work. Nevertheless he meets a pretty girl of low birth and lower education, daughter of a slattern and virago, and refusing to listen to the voice of reason, gives way to his sudden passion and marries Nell Maxwell. We feel quite sorry for the young bride, ignorant and loving the good things of the world, when her saintly groom carries her off to a beautifully-retired parish, and then plunges into work for which she feels not the slightest vocation. At this he is greatly hurt, though, after all, he married for beauty and got it, so he had no right to feel sore. Nell is very dull, and listens to an old lover till his advances alarm her, and, in despair, she turns towards the protection of her husband. He, meanwhile, has learned to think her heart another's, and there are many protracted misunderstandings until peace is finally restored, and the fire of affection has made Nell much too good for Mark Athelstone. It is impossible to admire the "moral," but Mrs. Needell's story is pleasantly written and quite innocuous.

Our Lesson in Dressmaking: No. 61.

NEW STYLES OF DRESS SKIRTS.

THE new fan-shaped and gored skirts are invariably made without foundation skirts; these are now only required in making dresses of thin materials, which either show through the thin fabrics laid over them, or else serve as a foundation on which

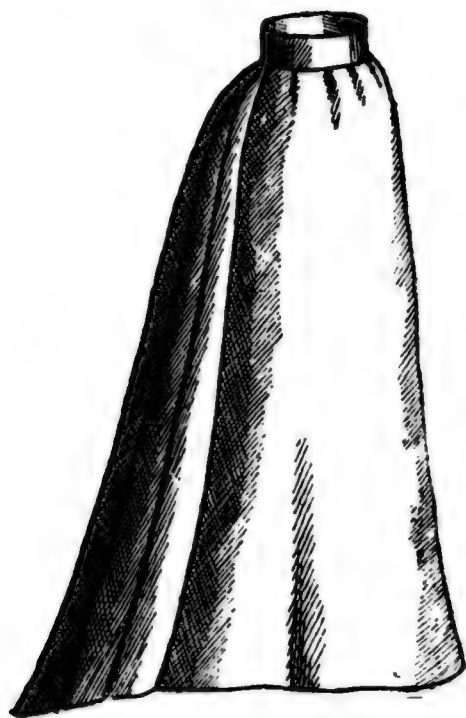


FIG. 1.—NEW SKIRT.

draperies can be arranged, and to which they can be secured; so few draped skirts are, however, now worn that foundations for them are seldom needed.

The new fan skirt is made in several ways, depending to a great extent on the width of the material employed. For very wide materials, measuring 54 inches wide and upwards, the skirt, fig. 1, is a capital model. It is cut from a single breadth of material measuring a little over 3½ yards; this is folded in the middle for the front, the dotted line in the diagram fig. 2; the top, about 42 inches above the selvedge, which forms the edge of the skirt in front, is cut out in a rounded line to the upper selvedge, and the lower part is cut in a sweeping curve, increasing the depth gradually towards the back in the manner shown in the diagram. There is only one seam, that up the centre of the back. The front part is fitted by pleats round the figure; the back is folded in a four-fold box pleat, the pleats being very small at the top and widening out at the edge, which is slightly trained. No foundation skirt is required, but the edge must be lined with a wide hem cut to fit the skirt.

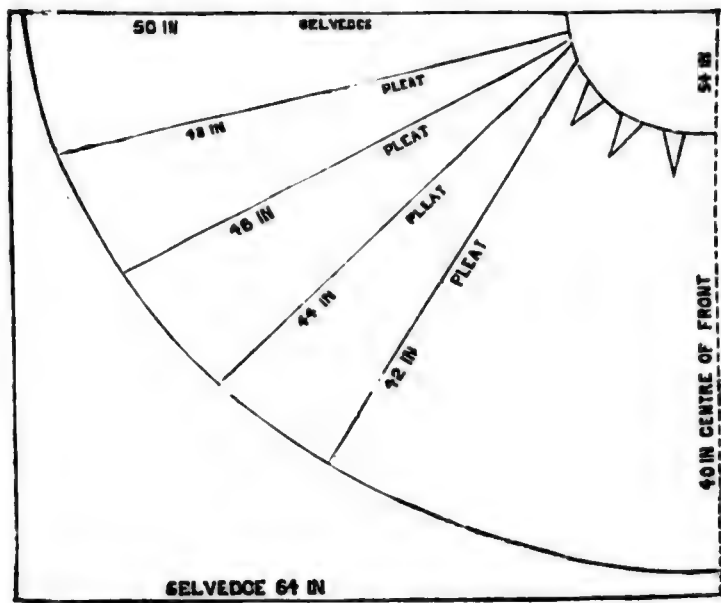


FIG. 2.—DIAGRAM OF SKIRT.

Any very wide width materials—serge, tweed, cloth, or homespun—can be made up in this way, and if trimming at the edge is needed, it should be in the form of a two-inch-wide bias band of velvet, black, or matching the material in colour, with a very narrow

black or gold passementerie sewn along the top, partly on the serge and partly on the skirt.

Another kind of skirt, very novel and fashionable, is that which sets plainly and closely round the figure at the waist, and is quite straight in front, but falls in a full fan pleating at the back. Of these the Fan Skirt, illustrated at fig. 3, is an excellent example. The front of the skirt, including the sides right round to the back, consists of a single breadth of double width material, cut precisely as in the diagram, fig. 4, and fitted at the top by three pleats on each side. The back is also a single breadth, twice the length of the width and folded double, this folded line across the material being the centre of the back. From the lower corner in front at the selvedge to the lower point of the fold, the material is cut in a rounded line for the edge of the skirt. This must be carefully measured from the top at different parts to ensure its being the right length. The two breadths are now joined together at the selvedges; the pleats in the front part are fitted on the figure, and any fulness at the back may

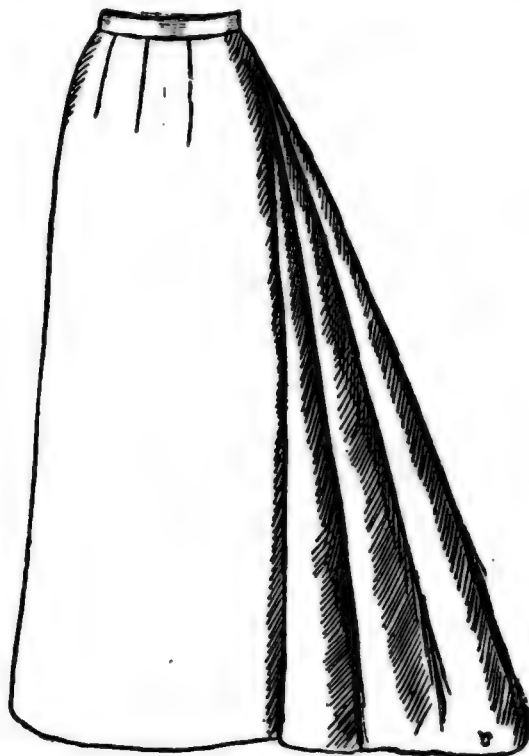


FIG. 3.—FAN SKIRT.

be either mounted in a box pleat, or the skirt may be drawn up by crossed strings run through a casing, in which case the placket hole can be omitted. The pocket is rather a difficulty, and must either be put very far back or dispensed with altogether, pockets in the jacket or on the outside of the skirt taking its place. The placket hole may be cut down the centre of the back or in one of the side seams.

In all rounded or fan-shaped skirts the length at the back should be carefully ascertained while the skirt is being tried on, and allowance must be made for the stretching of the material where it is on the cross. The edge is lined with a deep hem cut to fit the skirt exactly, and a stiff lining, also cut to fit, is an advantage. It takes about 4 yards of 48 inch wide material to make this skirt, 2 yds. 24 in. being required for the back. As there is no foundation skirt a silk petticoat, rather longer than usual, should be worn with it. With striped materials very curious effects are produced, as the stripes are vertical in front, horizontal at the back and on the bias at the sides, as the seams are lost in the folds of the fan pleats. In many cases the front breadth is slightly gored at the sides to increase the effect of the fan pleats.

A very easily made skirt consists of three breadths

of ordinary double width material, that is, from 42 to 44 inches wide. The two breadths for the back should be 3 or 4 inches longer, at least, than the front breadth. This is quite straight, or it may be very slightly sloped on each side towards the top, and

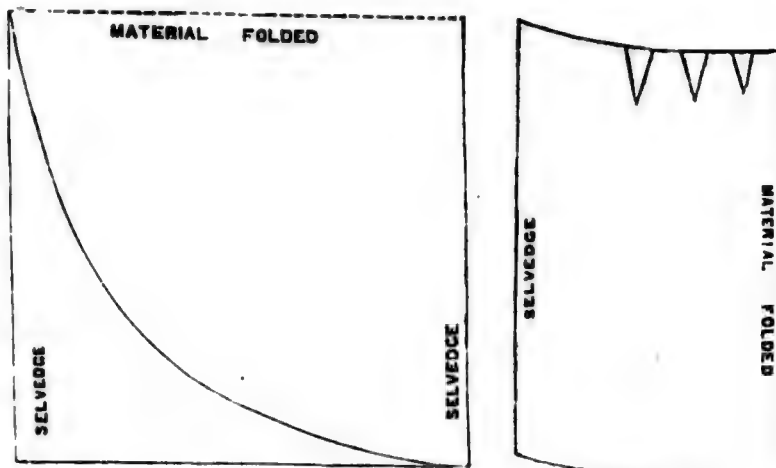


FIG. 4.—METHOD OF CUTTING FAN SKIRT.

is fitted in the usual way by small pleats. The two back breadths are joined on at each side, selvedge to selvedge, and trained gradually from the seams to the centre of the back. Instead of joining up the selvedges in the usual way, the back breadths are sloped off up to the top, taking a gore nearly half a yard wide at the top off each back breadth. This sloped seam is then joined, and what fulness is left at the top is mounted in a three or four-fold box pleat. This skirt is illustrated at fig. 5.

These new skirts are all very easy to make, and take but little material; 3½ yards is generally sufficient width to allow for the edge of a skirt, and the absence of a foundation skirt simplifies the making very much indeed.

For gored silk skirts five widths, at least, must be allowed for a demi-trained skirt. All the seams, except that at the back, are straight, the seam joining the two back breadths is gored, but not very sharply. For a dress with long train an extra width should be allowed; this centre width may be plain, and the breadths on each side of it gored, or, when all the seams are joined, the skirt may be sloped right up the back, through the seams on each side of the centre back breadth. This is, however, an extravagant method of cutting, although the pieces cut out can generally be utilised for parts of the bodice.

Gored and fan-shaped skirts look best in substantial silks and woollen fabrics, such as serge, tweed, cloth, etc.; full-sized flat patterns of any of those illustrated can be forwarded from our office at 6d. each.

The edges of skirts are still frequently cut in tabs,

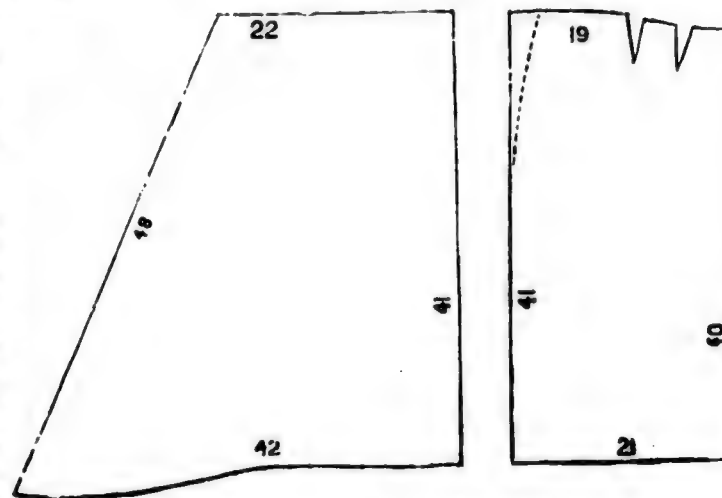


FIG. 5.—GORED SKIRT.

square, pointed, or rounded, and either fall over a flounce of lace or of some other material, or else the scallops are edged with lace or with a little frill of silk, or, again, they may be bordered with plain silk cord, a jet cord, or a very small braided design.

* Notes * on * News. *

ALL our new fashions are more or less revivals of old ones, but on their second appearance they are generally found to be shorn of some of the worst features that marked them when they were first adopted. The hair net, for instance, which used to be most objectionable, is, as now worn in its revised form, so nearly invisible that, except on close inspection, it is almost impossible to tell that the net is worn at all. The new hair nets are not only inoffensive, but they serve a really useful purpose in keeping the hair in order. It is of no use to look forward to disasters that may not come, and the hair net may be only a means of keeping the coiffure tidy and not a harbinger, as some people seem to think, of chignons and other horrors in the future.

The Print Room of the British Museum is not precisely a fashionable resort, nevertheless a great many fashionable folk have lately wended their way towards the unexplored (by them) wilds of Bloomsbury, in order to see Lady Charlotte Schreiber's famous collection of fans now on view there. The exhibition is in every way a most interesting one, and appeals to all who make or wield that feminine weapon, the fan.

Those who have read "Tasma's" Colonial story, "Mr. Piper of Piper's Hill," will welcome the new serial story which this talented young authoress has contributed to a contemporary. Miss Jessie Huybers, or rather as she should now be styled, Madame Couvreur, is likely to occupy a distinguished position amongst English lady novelists.

All kinds of antiquated jewels and trinkets are said to be coming into vogue again, and ladies are anxiously rummaging amongst their grandmothers' and great grandmothers' treasures in search of old cameos and enamels, mounted in chased gold and silver settings, and above all, for buckles and belt clasps of every kind and description. Old pins and brooches, that have for years past been looked upon as mere rubbish, are now brought to light, furbished up, and used for fastening up cravats of lace or chiffon, and old bits of Russian or Eastern jewellery, especially amulets and charms with little chains attached to them, have acquired quite a new and unexpected value. There is no accounting for the whirligig of fashion.

The dreadful weather during Goodwood week has probably done more to nip in the bud the growing fashion of trailing skirts to walking dresses, than any amount of lectures beforehand on the unreasonableness of such a fashion could have done. Experience is a stern but effective teacher, and to come home at the end of the day with a costly dress ruined by being dragged through the mud and

wet grass would go a long way towards convincing the most fashion-ruled of women that it would be advisable not to follow the particular mode that had led to such disagreeable results too closely. Tailor-made gowns are expensive at the best, but to have them made with skirts that are spoiled after half-a-dozen times wearing would render them simply ruinous, and rob them of their best qualities, their neatness and convenience.

The visit of the Crown Prince of Roumania to England is said to be the first step towards his marriage with Princess Marie, the eldest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh. Such a marriage would be popular both here and in Roumania; the Princess would not be called upon to make any change in her religious faith, so often a jarring element in royal marriages, and the Prince will be well received for the sake of his amiable and talented aunt, who seems to have a special gift for gaining the loyal affection of all who come in contact with her.

Mrs. French Sheldon has returned, and will shortly publish a book containing a narrative of her adventures and experiences. The book may not add much to our knowledge of Africa, but at any rate it will be interesting to know how things there appear to a woman's eye. A bad accident while crossing a ravine marred her journey, and she has suffered much in health in consequence of it, no medical aid being at hand at the time.

Japanese lace is likely to be all the rage in a short time; at present there is not much of it in England—indeed, it has only become a trade during the last ten years. Now, however, a great number of people are employed in its manufacture, and it is likely to rival Irish lace in popularity. It is to be hoped that the Japanese have some experience and knowledge of the instability of fashions with us, otherwise their lace trade, like so many others, will flourish for a time only to drop suddenly into absolute nothingness when the fashion has burnt itself out.

Very interesting indeed is the account published recently of the journey which Miss Kate Marsden has taken into the furthest wilds of Siberia for the purpose of investigating the extent and conditions of leprosy in those parts. Thanks to a personal introduction from the Princess of Wales to the Tzarina, Miss Marsden was furnished with

passports and credentials which would take her anywhere, and she seems first to have pushed on to Ufa, in the heart of the Yaskutsk tribes. Here she was fortunate again in making the acquaintance of Archbishop Dyonisius, who has worked in the North of Siberia for 43 years, and was able to give her a vast fund of information on her painful subject, as the result of his long observation and knowledge.



TRAVELLING COSTUME.

Costume of fawn woollen, the skirt trimmed with rows of gold and black galon woven in the material at wide and narrow intervals. Bodice without breast-pleats or side-pieces, the fronts open over a striped plastron. Sleeves of the striped border cut on the cross, and band of the gold and black galon. Ruche of black silk at the neck. Capeline of maize crépon with pleated brim, the crown veiled with embroidered mousseline de soie. Small flowers in front. Quantity of material required, 7 yards.

For Prices of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of DESCRIPTIONS.

Novelties at Les Grands Magasins du Louvre, Paris.

NO department at Les Grands Magasins du Louvre is better stocked with useful and tempting models than that devoted to the clothing of girls. There is a sense of the fitness of things, a knowledge of the real requirements of children, and an absence of unsuitable styles and exaggerated finery, which, combined with the reasonable prices that prevail, prove extremely fascinating to all the mammas who are wise enough to penetrate into this part of the building.

The costumes, jackets, and other models illustrated are capital examples of some of the most useful of these juvenile garments. Fig. 1 is a reefer jacket of striped tennis cloth, with collar, pockets, and parements of plain material. It is made in a variety of sizes, for children from four to thirteen years old. Fig. 2 is a little dress of striped mousseline de laine in a number of different colours, trimmed with velvet and made in nine sizes.

It is a little late in the season for the printed cretonne frock next to this, which may be had in navy blue, red or electric blue, but the style is simple and pretty, and may be adopted for more autumnal fabrics. The young girl's dress, fig. 4, is ornamented with a collar, yoke and cuffs of embroidery, and is made in sizes suitable to girls from thirteen to sixteen years old. The little blouse frock for children under five is made of figured mousseline de laine, with collar and cuffs of plain material; it is a very cheap little frock, costing only 6s. 6d. in the smaller sizes, and the way in which the side of the blouses that crosses over is gauged at the waist is worth noting. Fig. 6 wears a tailor-made costume of fine woollen, with silk revers on the collar. The cloak, fig. 7, is made of grey or beige silésienne with pleated back, and is a most useful travelling wrap for young girls.

The spotted dress, fig. 8, is of fancy woollen, trimmed with plain velvet, and the charming little toilette, fig. 9, is of figured foulard, with chemisette and cuffs of écriu guipure; both these dresses are specially suitable for little girls of seven or eight, but may be had in all sizes. Another little blouse frock follows this; it is made of striped blue and white, or red and white drill, with vest and cuffs of plain drill and an embroidered anchor, on the vest. The double-breasted jacket for a young girl, fig. 11, is made of mixed grey or beige cloth. It is in the fashionable shape, with long basques, and is particularly cheap, costing only 13s. 6d., in sizes suitable for girls from thirteen to sixteen years of age. Fig. 12 is a plain blouse dress in striped woollen, with sash tied at the back, and collarette and jabot of frilled white or coloured surah.

Very neatly trimmed hats, suitable for wearing with these costumes, are made of fancy or plain straw trimmed



AUTUMN COSTUMES AND JACKETS FOR GIRLS; MODELS FROM LES GRANDS MAGASINS DU LOUVRE, PARIS.

with ribbon, with or without flowers, at very moderate prices, ranging from 4s. 6d. upwards, this price including all costs of carriage, etc.

Some very useful models of costumes for indoor and outdoor wear, and of mantles and cloaks for the demi-saison are also illustrated. The dresses are made in fashionable woollens appropriate to the time of year. The morning or breakfast gowns are in plain striped woollens, the last model having the front, collar, and wristbands of plain woollen, and cord and tassel fastenings at the neck and waist.

Every novelty in fine lingerie and in dainty under clothing is to be found at Les Grands Magasins du Louvre. Radical changes in under garments are out of the question, but lingères can always find means to improve upon old models or to add trimmings that are in accordance with the ever-changing fashions. A great many of the new night-dresses, for instance, are now made with bertha trimmings round the shoulders, a lace flounce following the line of a low-necked bodice, while the sleeves are copied to a considerable extent from those of dresses. A Pierrette collar and full ruffles on the sleeves are a pretty and fashionable trimming for night-dresses. They are made of the finest cambric, either plain white or with a coloured printed border; this generally takes the form of a single half-inch wide stripe, or of several very narrow stripes grouped together. The sleeves are mounted full and



COSTUMES AND MANTLES; MODELS FROM LES GRANDS MAGASINS DU LOUVRE, PARIS.

high at the shoulders.

During the summer a great deal of lingerie, made of coloured batiste, has been worn. Pink, blue, lilac, and straw-colour, spotted with white, are the favourite colours. Parisiennes flatter themselves that the coloured underclothing is useful and economical for travelling, and that being less expensive than the very fine white lingerie generally worn in Paris, it does not so much matter if the garments are spoilt by provincial laundresses.

Drawers are made very wide in the leg; some are finished off with a deep pleating, edged with lace; others have wide bands of trimming, consisting of alternate rows of lace insertion and plain or tucked cambric, with a lace-bordered flounce at the edge, while others have a deep scalloped flounce of cambric below a lace band.

Chemises are generally made without sleeves, and are cut square across the chest. They are only just wide enough to slip off and on, and are fitted by curved seams at the side; care is taken to avoid anything like unnecessary fullness under the corset. Cambric, white and coloured foulard and batiste, are the materials employed for chemises with trimmings of lace and ribbon.

Corsets are a spécialité at Les Grands Magasins du Louvre, and may be had in all shapes and sizes and at all prices, and indeed in all departments there is such a wide range of prices that the most economical as well as the most costly trousseaux may be procured here.



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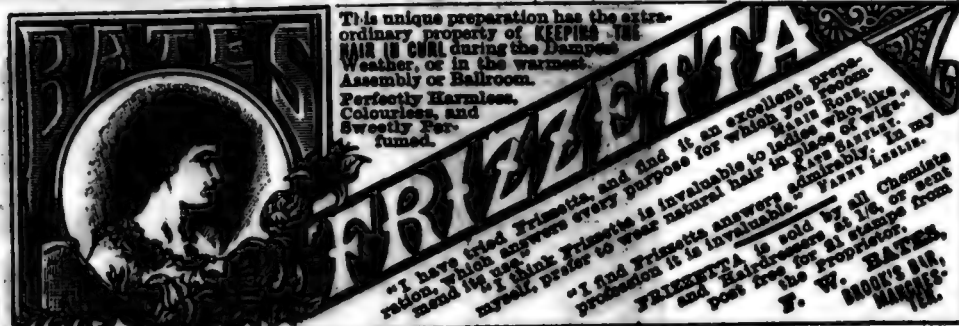
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"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE!"

CLARK'S

WORLD-FAMED

BLOOD MIXTURE

Is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Skin and Blood Diseases, Pimples, and Sores of all kinds, its effects are marvellous. It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes the cause from the blood and bones. Thousands of Testimonials. In bottles, 2/9 and 11/- each, of all Chemists. Sent for 33 or 132 stamps by Proprietors,

Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Co., Lincoln.

Beware of Worthless Imitations.

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JOHN BRINSMEAD & SONS,

Pianoforte Makers to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales.

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Established over Half a Century.

BENZINE COLLAS.—Ask for "COLLAS." CLEANS GLOVES—CLEANS DRESSES. REMOVES TAR, OIL, PAINT, GREASE FROM FURNITURE, CLOTH, &c.

BENZINE COLLAS.—FOR ARTISTS. A SPECIALLY GOOD MEDIUM FOR PAINTING on Silk, Satin, Gauze, Lincrusta, Wood, Canvas, Glass, Tapestry, Cards, Leather, &c., &c.

BENZINE COLLAS.—Try "COLLAS." See the word COLLAS on the Label and Cap. Extra refined, nearly odourless. On using becoming quite odourless.

BENZINE COLLAS.—Ask for "COLLAS" Preparation and take no other. Sold everywhere, 6d., 1s., and 1s. 6d. per Bottle. Agents: J. SANGER & SONS, 489, Oxford-street, W.

HAIR DESTROYER.

Mrs. JAMES'S DEPILATORY instantly and permanently REMOVES SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS from the Face, Neck, or Arms, without injury to the Skin. No lady should be without it. To be had of most Chemists, 1s., or a box of it sent (with directions for use) free from observation, post free, for 15 stamps.

Mrs. C. JAMES, 268, Caledonian Road, London, N.

LUXURIANT HAIR.

Long flowing Eyelashes, Eyebrows, &c., are QUICKLY PRODUCED by using JAMES'S HERBAL POMADE; it is invaluable for the production of Whiskers, Beard, and Moustachios; it causes the Hair to grow on Bald Places and Scanty Partings like magic. To be had of most Chemists, 1s., or a box of it sent (with directions for use) free from observation, post free, for 15 stamps.

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IMPERIAL HAIR GROWER
HAIR PRODUCER AND RESTORER

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For promoting the growth of the hair; and for producing eye brows, whiskers and moustachios

It is an effectual remedy against premature baldness.



2/6, 3/6, 5/- & 10/6 (SECRETLY PACKED.)

J. BRODIE, 41 Museum St., London.
ESTABLISHED 1868.

THE "DUCHESS" CORSET

THOMAS'S PATENT.)



Is constructed on a graceful model for the present style of dress. The shape being permanently retained by a series of narrow whalebones placed diagonally across the front, gradually curving in and contracting the Corset at the bottom of the busk, whereby the size of the figure is reduced, the outline improved, a permanent support afforded, and a fashionable and elegant appearance secured.

Made in Black, White, Dove, Grey. Prices, 10s. 6d. and 14s. 6d. SUPER LONG WAIST, 21s.

The Celebrated Taper Busk used in these Corsets is the most supple and comfortable of all Buses and absolutely unbreakable. In purchasing, it is necessary to see that the name "W. THOMAS" is stamped on the Corset. OF ALL DRAPERS AND LADIES' OUTFITTERS. If any difficulty in procuring please write for address of nearest retailer to

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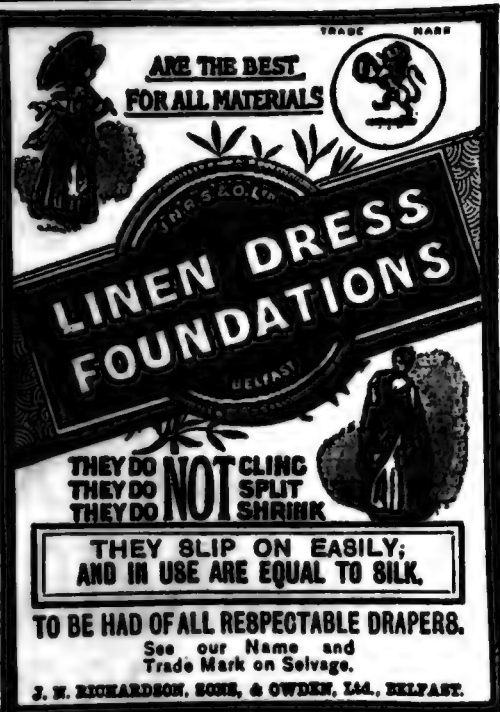
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NUTRITIVE HAIR CREAM.
SEDATIVE

Hopgood's is the ONLY Preparation for the Hair Recommended by the Faculty.

JOHN A. WALCOTT, M.D., M.R.C.S., says: "I feel much pleasure in being able to recommend (with confidence) your NUTRITIVE CREAM in all cases of irritation of the scalp, accumulation of dandruff, and loss of hair, in each of which I have freely used it with UNFAILING success." In Bottles, 1s. 6d., 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., & 5s., of all Perfumers and Chemists.



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Traced or Depressed—Commenced or Uncommenced. New Designs—"HEARTSEASE," "BUTTERFLY," "PINES," "AUTUMN LEAF," and "CELESTIAL," all of our latest introductions.

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In Table Covers, Toilet Covers, Table Runners, Toilet Sets, Table Centres, Cot Covers, Sideboards, Bed Spreads, Nightdress Sachets, Pillow Shams, Duchess Covers, Antimacassars, Duchess Sets, Brush Bags, Splash Screens.

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Or with Wide Hems. Traced Mont Mellick, and many other new designs upon Fine, Medium, or Heavy Linen, and Soft Sateen Materials, in Pillow Cases, Duchess Covers, Antimacassars, Pillow Shams, Table Covers, Sideboard Covers, Toilet Covers, Tray Cloths, Table Runners, Nightdress Sachets, Serviettes, Tea Cosies, Comb Bags, Carving Cloths, Splash Screens.

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In Several Hundred totally distinct and useful Articles, all made up so as to be quickly finished.

All the Newest Designs in BED SPREADS, PILLOW CASES, and PILLOW SHAMS.

WOOLS AND KNITTING YARN AT THE REDUCED PRICES.

Every Requisite in Silks, Cords, Metal Threads, Spangles, Beads, &c., &c., for Art Work.

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ART NEEDLEWORK, WOOL AND KNITTING YARN EMPORIUM.
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Clean Hands.



For every One no matter what the occupation.

Nothing has ever been invented that will so thoroughly cleanse and whiten the hands as our Rubber Brush. Used with soap and water, it will remove all kinds of stains; Ink, Tar, Iron Stains, and Paint yielding easily to it, without injuring the most delicate skin, as is done by using pumice stone, bristle brushes, &c.

Price 1s. Larger Size, Price 2s.

PRESERVE

YOUR TEETH

By using BAILEY'S RUBBER TOOTH BRUSH.

It cleans the Teeth perfectly, and polishes the enamel without scratching either the gums or teeth. It is always clean, and can be used in hot or cold water with any powder or liquid, without injury to the brush. If a dentifrice is used, much greater benefit will be derived from it by using it with one of our rubber tooth brushes. For Artificial Teeth it is unequalled.

They are made in two sizes. No. 1, Price 10d. No. 2, Price 1s.

BAILEY'S RUBBER TEETHING RING

(PATENT)

PRICE

5d.



Is perfectly tasteless, and is so constructed that the flat ended teeth serve to expand the skin of the gums, softening the latter, and thus aiding the coming tooth without irritation. It is made of pure Para Rubber, and entirely supersedes the old-fashioned and injurious articles sold for this purpose, and is highly recommended

by leading Physicians and Dentists.

We are also the makers of BAILEY'S CELEBRATED Rubber Bath and Flesh Brushes, price 5s. each; and Complexion Brushes, 3s. 6d. each.

To be had from all Chemists and Dealers in Toilet Goods; or will be sent post free, on receipt of price, by the Manufacturers—

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A Perfect Protection to Every Dress

THE CANFIELD DRESS SHIELD

THE ONLY DRESS PRESERVER

MANUFACTURED ON HYGIENIC PRINCIPLES

SEAMLESS. ODOURLESS. IMPERVIOUS TO MOISTURE.

SOFT AS KID. EASILY WASHED.

No Other Make Has these Advantages

NONE GENUINE UNLESS MADE IN ENGLAND

CANFIELD RUBBER CO. 64 Basinghall Street

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Grand Diploma of Honour, Edinburgh, 1890; Two Prize Medals, Paris, 1889.



Embroidered Handkerchiefs, in all the latest styles, from 1/- to 20/- each.

IRISH DAMASK TABLE LINEN.

Children's Bordered 1/3 PER DOZ.
Ladies' - - - 2/2
Gent's - - - 3/3

HEM STITCHED:
Ladies' - - - 2/11 1/2 PER DOZ.
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POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.

Fish Napkins, 2/6 per dozen. Dinner Napkins, 4/6 per dozen. Table Cloths, 2 yards square, 2/6; 2 1/2 yards by 3 yards, 5/6 each. Kitchen Table Cloths, 11d. each. Strong Huckaback Towels, 4/4 per dozen. Frilled Linen Pillow Cases from 1/3 each. Monograms, Crests, Coats of Arms, Initials, &c., woven and embroidered.

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ROBINSON & CLEAVER.

By Special Appointments to the Queen and Empress Frederick of Germany.

BELFAST. (Please name this publication.)

ROBINSON & CLEAVER'S IRISH LINEN

COLLARS, CUFFS, AND MATCHLESS SHIRTS.

"Their Irish Linen Collars, Cuffs, Shirts, &c., have the merits of excellence and cheapness."—Court Circular.

Collars.—Ladies' and Children's 3-fold, 3/6 per doz.; Gent's 4-fold 4/11 to 5/11 per doz.

Cuffs for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Children, from 5/11 per doz.

Shirts.—Best quality longcloth with 4-fold finest Linen Fronts, 35/6 per half dozen; to measure or pattern, 2/- extra.

Old Shirts made as good as new, with best materials in Neck-bands, Cuffs, and Fronts, for 14/- the half dozen.

Price Lists and Samples post free.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER,
BELFAST, IRELAND.

MYRA'S PRIZE COMPETITIONS.



Facsimile of Solid Silver Medal (Reverse).

TO OUR
READERS.



Facsimile of Solid Silver Medal (Obverse).

THE success which has attended the inauguration, more than two years ago, of our monthly Prize Competition for the best worked Specimens of Art Needlework has induced us to still further develop the idea, and at the suggestion of some of our readers, we have had a special die cut for a Magnificent Solid Silver Medal—of which facsimile engraving is given herewith, to be given as an optional First Prize. Prize Winners will thus be able to secure, instead of a mere small sum of money, an artistic reward of considerable intrinsic value in itself, and a lasting and honourable record of their success for future years. Each Medal will be enclosed in a handsome leather case lined with velvet, and we will engrave each month the winner's name and initials. The second prize will be 15s., and the Third Prize a Bronze Medal of the same size and design as above, or a Money Prize of 10s. We trust that this new departure will be fruitful of much satisfaction to our readers, and a still further inducement for all skilled in needlecraft to compete for the new Prizes offered by MYRA.

The following are the details of our September Prize Competitions:—

(1.) Three Prizes will be given for the best specimens of the set of six D'Oyleys, the full size designs for working which are given with this number. Competitors are at liberty to select any materials and colours they like, and to vary the stitches, but the work must be a faithful copy of the design.

FIRST PRIZE: Silver Medal or Thirty Shillings.

SECOND PRIZE: Fifteen Shillings.

THIRD PRIZE: Bronze Medal or Ten Shillings.

All subjects sent for competition are returned, but must be accompanied by directed and suitably stamped envelope or label.

To protect Competitors, and to ensure that Subscribers only shall take part in the Prize Competitions, we append a Coupon:—

MYRA'S JOURNAL,
September, 1891.

which must be sent with every subject for Competition.

No subjects for Competition will be allowed unless accompanied by a Coupon.

All subjects for the Competition must be sent in by November 1st, 1891; and the result and names of the successful competitors will be announced in the following number.

Competition for the best specimens of Embroidered Music Portfolio Cover given in "Myra's Journal," June, 1891.

SECOND PRIZE.

Mrs. R. G. FOULIS, The Brow, Wylam-on-Tyne, Northumberland.

THIRD PRIZE.

Miss E. HUMFREY, 45, Queen's Park Road, Brighton.

THE LONDON GLOVE COMPANY'S GLOVES.

NOTICE
THE PRICES,
SEND FOR
SAMPLE
PAIRS
AND TEST
THE VALUE.

ESPECIALLY
SUITABLE
FOR
TRAVELLING,
SEASIDE,
& COUNTRY
WEAR.



Ladies' 6-Button Tan Suede with neat Silk Points, 1s. 9d. per pair. In Light, Medium, and Dark Tans.

Girls' 2-Button superior quality Paris Suede, 1s. 1d. per pair, 6s. per half-dozen. Sizes 2 to 5. In Tan Shades, Brown and Grey.

Girls' 4-Button superior quality Paris Suede, in Tan Shades, Grey and Slate, 1s. 3d. per pair. Sizes 1 to 5.

Ladies' Doeskin Gloves. English make, with Leather Bound Welts, 4 Buttons, 1s. 10d. per pair. In Tan, Grey, and White.

Ladies' Tan Doeskin, with 4-inch Albany Gauntlets, 2 Clasp Fasteners, 1s. 11d. per pair.

Girls' Tan Doeskin, with Albany Gauntlets, 2 Clasp Fasteners, sizes 0 and 1, 1s. 6d. per pair; sizes 2 and 3, 1s. 8d. per pair; sizes 4 and 5, 1s. 10d. per pair; size 6, 1s. 11d. per pair.

Ladies' Paris Doeskin Gloves, 4-Buttons, 1s. 4d. per pair; 6 Buttons, 1s. 6d. per pair. In Tans, Drabs, Grey, and White.

Ladies' Chevette Gloves, with 3-inch Gauntlets, "Brighton" Points, 2s. 10d. per pair. In Black, Brown, and Tan Shades.

Ladies' Cape Driving Gloves, Spear Points, with Imitation Crocodile Leather Gauntlets, 5 inches deep, 3s. 11d. per pair. In Tan and Black.

Ladies' Tan Cape, for Walking or Driving, with Single Spear Points, Pique sewn, 4 Buttons, 3s. per pair.

Ladies' Tan Cape Driving, Scented Russian Leather, Spear Points, Pique sewn, 4 Buttons, 3s. 6d. per pair.

Gentlemen's Real Kid Gloves, 2-Button, 2s. 5d. per pair. In Black, White, Tans, Drabs, and all Colours.

Gentlemen's Tan Chevette, English make, 2 Buttons, 2s. 6d. per pair. In Tan Shades and Browns, with Self Braid Points.

Gentlemen's 2-Button Paris Suede, In Tan Shades, with Self Braid Points, 2s. 5d. per pair, 14s. per half-dozen.

Ladies' Real Kid Gloves, 4 Buttons, 2s. 3d. per pair; 6 button ditto, 2s. 9d. per pair; 8 buttons, 3s. 3d. per pair; 12 buttons or Mousquetaire, 4s. 3d. per pair. In Black, White, Tans, Drabs, and all Colours.

Ladies' Real Kid Gloves, very superior quality French Kid, with 4 Dome Fasteners, 2s. 11d. per pair; with 6 Domes, 3s. 6d. per pair. In Black, Tans, Fawns, Drabs, and all Colours.

Ladies' Neapolitan Kid Gloves, 4 buttons, 1s. 4d. per pair; 7s. 6d. per half-dozen. In Tan Shades only.

Ladies' Neapolitan Kid Gloves, 4-Buttons, 1s. 9d. per pair; 6 buttons, 1s. 11d. per pair. In Tans, Browns, Slates, and Dark Green, with Self Braid Points.

Ladies' "Chevette" Gloves, for Hard Wear, 4 Buttons, 1s. 10d. per pair. In Light, Medium, Dark Tan, and Brown Shades, with Self Braid Points.

Ladies' "Chevette" Gloves, Superior quality, every pair guaranteed, Pique Sewn, 4 Buttons, 2s. 4d. per pair. In Medium Tan, Brown Shades, and Black, with Self Braid Points.

Girls' "Chevette" Gloves, 4 Buttons, 1s. 9d. per pair, all sizes. In Tan, Browns, and Black, with Self Braid Points.

Ladies' Real Milanese Silk Gloves (English make), 3 pairs for 2s. 6d. In Tans, Fawns, Drabs, Navy, and White.

Ladies' Heavy Silk Gloves, with Double Finger Tips, 1s. 1d. per pair, 6s. per half-dozen. In Black, White, Tans, Fawns, Drabs, and Greys.

Ladies' Best Quality Pure Silk, Perfect Fitting 8 Button length, 1s. 4d. per pair. In Black, White, Cream, and every colour to match.

Girls' 6-Button Length ditto, 1s. 1d. per pair, in all sizes.

Ladies' Milanese Silk Gloves with Treble Woven Finger Tips, 8 Button length, 1s. 9d. per pair, 10s. per half-dozen. In Black, White, and all Colours.

Ladies' Superior Quality Taffeta Gloves, 6-Button length Jersey, 10d. per pair. In Black, White, and all colours.

Children's Superior Quality Taffeta Gloves, 4-Button length, sizes 1 and 2, 7d. per pair; sizes 3 and 4, 8d. per pair; sizes 5 and 6, 9d. per pair. In Black, White, and all colours.

The L.G. Co.'s Renowned Saxony Milanese Taffeta Glove, Hand-made Silk Points, will wear and wash well, 6 Button length, Perfect Fitting, 1s. 3d. per pair. In Black, White, Cream, and all Colours.

The New Suede Lisle, a very durable Glove. 8 button length Jersey, 1s. per pair, 5s. 9d. per half-dozen. In Tans, Fawns, Drabs and Greys.

Ladies' 6-Button length Jersey Lisle, 3 pairs for 1s. 4d. or 6d. per pair. In Black, White, Tans, Grey, and Navy.

Girls' Jersey Lisle, sizes 1 to 6. 3 Pairs for 8d., or 3d. per pair. In Black, White, Tans, Greys, and Navy.

Ladies' Fine Lisle, with 4-inch Gauntlets, richly braided design, 1s. 8d. per pair. Colours—Tans, Drabs, and Greys.

Ladies' Superior Quality Taffeta, with 4-inch Gauntlets bound Kid, 1s. 8d. per pair. Colours—Black, Tans, Drabs, and Grey.

Girls' Fine Lisle, with 3-inch Gauntlets, bound Kid, 11d. per pair. In White, Tans, Drabs, and Grey.

Girls' Superior Quality Taffeta, with 3-inch Gauntlets, bound Kid 1s. 5d. per pair. In Black, Tans, Drabs, and Grey.

MODE OF PAYMENT.—Postal and Post-Office Orders to be made payable to **S. A. WORSKETT**, at the General Post Office. Where Stamps are remitted. One Penny must be added to each amount of 3s. and under, to cover loss in exchange. A Detailed Price List of all makes FREE by Post.

Sole Address: THE LONDON GLOVE COMPANY, 45a, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.



BROWN'S SATIN POLISH

FOR LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S BOOTS AND SHOES,
TRAVELLING BAGS, ETC.

HIGHEST AWARD WHEREVER EXHIBITED
LATEST PARIS EXHIBITION, 1889.

BROWN'S SATIN CREAM

For improving all kinds of Patent Leather.

For Brown Leather Boots and Shoes, use
SATIN (BROWN) POLISH
Put on by Sponge attached to wire and cork in each
Bottle.

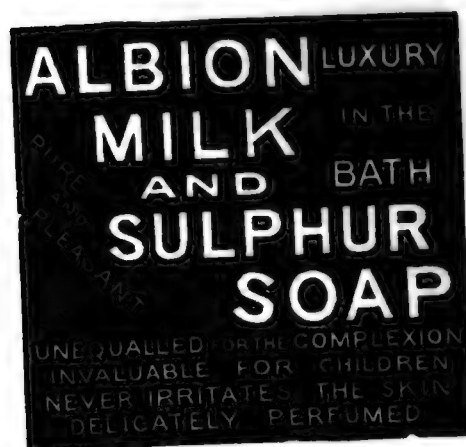


AMERICAN MAGIC BRONZE.

Gives to old Boots and Shoes, Ornaments, etc., the appearance of new.

FOR GENTLEMEN'S BOOTS use
ARMY & NAVY LIQUID BLACKING.

"WHITENS AND SOFTENS THE SKIN"



ALBION LUXURY
MILK AND BATH
SULPHUR SOAP

UNEQUALLED FOR COMPLEXION
INVALUABLE FOR CHILDREN
NEVER IRRITATES THE SKIN
DELICATELY PERFUMED

Lady Constance Howard

WRITES:

"I like the Soap very much;
it is pleasant to use and softens
and whitens the skin."

Lady Dorothy Nevill

WRITES:

"I find the Soap very pleas-
ant, and like it very much."

MELLIN'S FOOD

FOR
INFANTS
AND
INVALIDS



"St. Michael's Orphanage,
Sevenoaks.
April 3rd, 1891.

"Dear Sir,—I think you may like to have the
photograph of a little orphan who came to us when
only three weeks old, having lost both parents. She
has been brought up almost exclusively on your
Food, and still has it twice a day.
Yours faithfully,
ELEANOR S. JOHNSON

MELLIN'S Food Biscuits,

PALATABLE, DIGESTIVE,
NOURISHING, SUSTAINING.

Price 2/- and 3/6 per tin.

MELLIN'S LACTO-GLYCOSE or MILK FOOD

Dissolved in warm water is ready for immediate use. Price, 2/- and 3/- per bottle.

Shakespearian Wisdom on the Feeding and Rearing of Infants.

A Pamphlet of quotations from Shakespeare and portraits of beautiful children, together with testimonials
which are of the highest interest to all mothers, to be had with samples, free by post, on application to

G. MELLIN, Marlboro' Works, Peckham, London, S.E.

Bad Complexions Cuticura Soap

Bad complexions, with pimples, blackheads, red, rough, and oily skin and hands
are infallibly prevented by that greatest of Skin Purifiers and Beautifiers, the cele-
brated Cuticura Soap, when all other so-called skin and complexion soaps and



remedies fail. *Why? Because it prevents clogging of the sebaceous glands with sebum, the cause of pimples, blackheads, and most complexional disfigurements.* Cuticura Soap derives its remarkable medicinal properties from Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, but so delicately are they blended with the purest of toilet and nursery soap stocks that the result is a *medicated toilet soap* incomparably superior to all other skin and complexion soaps, while rivalling in delicacy and surpassing in purity the most expensive of toilet and nursery soaps. In a word, it purifies, beautifies, and preserves

the skin as no other soap does, and hence its sale is greater than the combined sale of all other skin soaps. Sold throughout the civilized world. Price, 1s.

Mothers,

do you realise how your little ones suffer when their tender SKINS are literally ON FIRE with ITCHING and BURNING ECZEMAS, and other ITCHING, SCALY, and BLOTCHY SKIN and SCALP DISEASES? To know that a single application of the Cuticura Remedies will, in the majority of cases, afford instant relief, permit rest and sleep, and point to a speedy cure, and not to use them without a moment's delay, is to be almost inhuman. Cuticura Remedies are the greatest skin cures, blood purifiers, and humour remedies of modern times; are absolutely pure, and may be used from infancy to age, from pimples to scrofula, with unfailing success.

Price: CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, 2s. 3d.; CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, 1s.; CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier and greatest of Humour Remedies, 4s. 6d.; or the set, post-paid, for 7s. 9d., of F. NEWBERRY & SONS, 1, King Edward-st., Newgate-st., London, E. C., depot for POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION. "ALL ABOUT THE SKIN," 64 pages, 300 Diseases, 50 Illustrations, and 100 Testimonials, mailed free to any address. A book of priceless value, affording information not obtainable elsewhere.

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PATTERNS POST FREE
Need not be returned
ALL PARCELS CARRIAGE PAID

WE MANUFACTURE EVERYTHING WE SELL AT OUR OWN FACTORY.

BEATALL 10/6 FULL DRESS LENGTH. GRANITE 10/6 FULL DRESS LENGTH.	KYRLE 15/- FULL DRESS LENGTH. SATIN FINISH 15/- FULL DRESS LENGTH.
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LADIES.—The Katrine Dress Cloths are the **Marvels of the Age**. The tremendous demand of last season has been successfully met, but repeat orders are coming in so much more rapidly this season that we respectfully request all ladies to WRITE FOR PATTERNS AT ONCE. We only ask you to LOOK AT THE PATTERNS. You are certain to order when you see them. They are Far Superior to any other Dresses offered, and at Strictly Factory Prices. Favourable notices have appeared in all the Fashion papers, and thousands of testimonials have been received.

Do not delay, but write at once for Patterns. Please mention this paper and address,

THE NORTH OF ENGLAND MANUFACTURING COMPANY, LEEDS, YORKSHIRE.

Weldon's Ladies' Journal says: "Lewis's Fast Pile Velveteen is the finest imitation of Real Silk Velvet ever shown. Ladies are invited to write to Lewis's, in Market Street, Manchester, for Patterns (Post Free) of

THE WONDERFUL VELVETEEN

AT **2/-** A YARD

It is Fast Pile and Fast Dyed, and every inch is Guaranteed. Lewis's are the Manufacturers of this Fine First-Class Velveteen, which is now well known all over the world.

If a Dress should wear badly, or be in any respect faulty, LEWIS will give a New Dress for NOTHING at all, and pay the full cost for making and trimming.

The price of this beautiful Velveteen, in Black, and all the most beautiful colours is 2s. a yard. This quality is sold by the best Drapers at 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 5s. 6d. a yard. LEWIS'S manufacture this Velveteen themselves, and sell it direct to the public, and Ladies should see the Patterns and judge of the wonderful quality. Carriage paid on all orders.

DRESS MATERIALS for the PRESENT SEASON. Ladies should write to LEWIS'S for Patterns of New Dress Materials; they will be astonished at the value offered. Please mention "Myra's Journal," and address

LEWIS'S IN MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.



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WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

A WONDERFUL MEDICINE.

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For Billious Attacks.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

For Nervous Disorders.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

For Indigestion in all its Forms.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

For Wind and Pains in the Stomach.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

For Sick Headache.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Have saved the lives of Thousands.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Are the best Medicine for Female Complaints.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

For Fulness and Swelling after Meals.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Are adapted for Old and Young.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

For Dizziness and Drowsiness.



BEECHAM'S PILLS

For Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Will restore the Rosebud of Health to everyone who Uses them.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

For Costiveness and Sourvy.

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The entire list (containing some 100 Preparations) will be sent by return of post, on receipt of stamped address.

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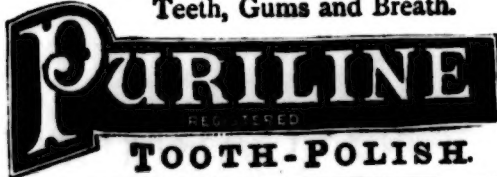
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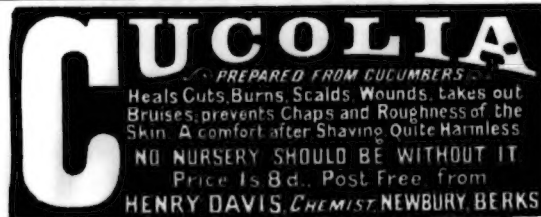


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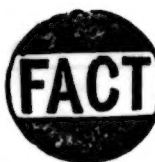


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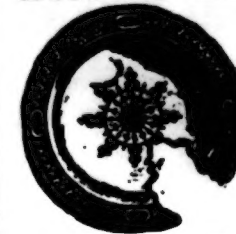
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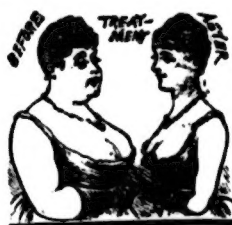
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The only Reliable Substitute for Silk Velvet, possessing Richness and Delicacy of Colour and Texture, combined with great durability, and withal Moderate in Price.

In PERMANENT BLUE-BLACK and Every Conceivable Shade.

LE FOLLET says:—"There is literally no fabric more serviceable or effective than the well-known 'LOUIS' VELVETEEN."

MYRA'S JOURNAL says:—"The 'LOUIS' VELVETEENS are all fast pile, have the deep close pile of silk velvet, and are admirably soft and drapable."

Sold everywhere by Drapers and Silk Mercers.

NOTE WELL!—EVERY YARD of the GENUINE bears the NAME (spelled **L-O-U-I-S**) and is GUARANTEED.

TO LADIES.

ZEBRA GRATE POLISH

Saves your servants' time, and gives your Stoves and Fireplaces Beauty and Brilliancy with very little trouble and labour.

In the **TRYING HOT WEATHER**, when **INFANTS** often become greatly relaxed, regulation of their diet is of the utmost importance, and therefore all Mothers should **try NESTLÉ'S FOOD**, which will be found most beneficial.

Sample Tin containing enough Food for a fair trial and Pamphlet with Medical testimony as to above, will be sent post free on application to

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Diploma of Honor, Highest
Award Edinburgh, 1890.

HEALTHY BONE AND MUSCLE.

RIDGE'S

PATENT COOKED
FOOD

is certified to contain all the essentials of a Pure Dietary necessary to secure a healthy and natural development of bone and muscle, a vital necessity to growing infants, and comfort to all.

SOLD BY CHEMISTS AND GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

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In the light, soft materials worn during the past Summer dyed the darker shades so fashionable this season.

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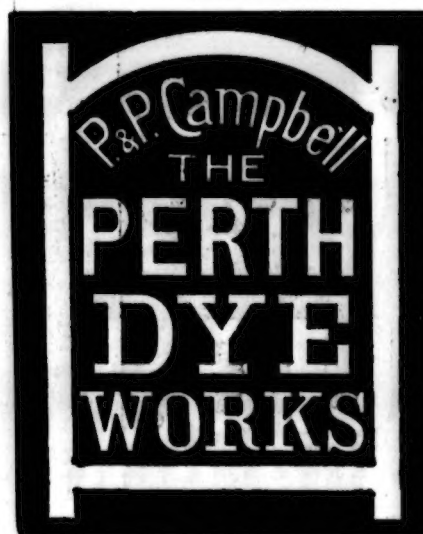
In Damask or other Woollen, Silk or mixed fabrics dyed and finished as when new or dry cleaned whole. Starched curtains cleaned or dyed any colour.

Gentlemen's Suits and OVERCOATS

Cleaned or dyed and pressed. Light Tweeds when soiled or faded are much improved by being dyed darker.

Feathers, Gloves, Shawls, SCARFS, &c.,

Cleaned or dyed in superior style. Particulars and Prices in Catalogue, post free.



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Where patterns and advice may be obtained, and where goods are collected and delivered free, and forwarded to the works daily.

LONDON	39, New Oxford Street
	12, Sloane Street, S.W.
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MANCHESTER	84, Cross Street
BIRMINGHAM	33, Colmore Row
BRISTOL	53, Park Street
NOTTINGHAM	44, Clumber Street
LEEDS	8, Trinity Street
BRADFORD	110, Godwin Street
SHEFFIELD	34, Church Street
EDINBURGH	31, Cockburn Street
GLASGOW	116, Sauchiehall Street
DUNDEE	33, Nethergate
ABERDEEN	38, George Street
PERTH	23, County Place

Note our **P & P** as a small dyeing company initials in Perth also trades under the name Campbell.